

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

[VOL. XI.—No. 37.
PRICE SIX CENTS.]

SUSIE KNIGHT:

OR,

The True History of "The Pretty Waiter Girl."

A FANCY POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CANTO II.

LXVII.

Now Susie sat her youthful lover, who
Was half intoxicated with delight;
So much so, that the poor fool scarcely knew
Whether 'twere real, or a dreamland sight
That thus had burst upon his wondering view.
The air seemed fraught with heavy joy that night.
But why he sat so still I cannot tell;
Perhaps he feared lest he'd dissolve the spell.

LXVIII.

Now Susie didn't fancy his position;
(Though he did hers) she wanted solid joy:
And, possibly, she had a faint suspicion
That love was wanting, and that made him coy.
At any rate, her dreams of scenes Elysian
Required more rest than Louis did employ.
She did not know how strong a web her art
Had woven round our hero's untied heart.

LXIX.

She moved a little—little as she could—
And asked him if he'd take the vacant seat.
He took it quickly—"Certainly," he would,
Obedience to requests was met.
Remember, now, I don't say that he should,
But when our temptress is so young and sweet,
On Virtue's path no mortal man hath tarried—
Unless he was a pious one, and married.

LXX.

Our hero, Lou, was neither one nor t'other,
So down he sat. The fair one by his side
Kissed his white brow, as though he'd been a brother:
Whereas the blood's rich, red, and mantling tide
Suffused his cheeks. But just as any other
Blest dog had done, he felt a conscious pride,
And answered her with one of those sweet kisses
Which are an earnest of yet sweeter blisses.

LXXI.

Then round her little waist he threw his arms,
And drew the witching beauty to his knee—
You've noticed when a calm precedes a storm,
Much fiercer, when it comes, that storm will be:
So he pressed Susie's beating bosom's charms,
And kissed her in a manner very free.
She let him do it for a moment, then
Drew back upon her dignity again.

LXXII.

She, laughing, boxed his ears. "Now stop!" she said;
"You naughty boy! I really had not thought
Your cool politeness would so soon have fled:
Your modesty discretion might have taught:
Besides, I should have told you I am wed,
And married ladies can't by smiles be bought!"
So spoke she, but her ever-lovely form
Looked more than usually serene and warm.

LXXIII.

And Louis, after having had a taste
Of Susie's lips in one delightful kiss,
Resolved that any risk he would have faced,
Rather than lose another draught of bliss:
So once again he clasped her round the waist,
And to his bosom hugged the pretty miss;
Unhooked the neatly fitting muslin robes,
And brought to view her alabaster globes.

LXXIV.

On these he gazed; Susie's liquid eyes were beaming,
With tender sweetness born of strong desire;
Her hair became unloosed, and downward streaming,
Fell like a shadow on her light attire.
She struggled not at all—she half seemed dreaming,
But ever rose her warm breast high and higher;
Till almost crazed by such delight as this,
They quaffed the cup that holds love's deepest bliss.

LXXV.

And when the hour of burning bliss was past,
To free her from his clasp he still was loath:
The joy to him seemed all too deep to last,
And swiftly flew the moments of his bliss.
When love is young 'tis apt to travel fast,
And then and there he would have taken an oath
To give up all his chance of future heaven
For one such night out of every seven.

LXXVI.

Our heroine panted, sighed. She was so weak
She trembled as the storm-stricken leaves in fall;
Her voice had faded her quite, she couldn't speak;
Her pretty eyes looked love and that was all.
But when her lover pressed her damask cheek
With passion's burning kiss, it seemed to call
E'en with more force the happy past to view,
And she returned the kiss, with interest too.

LXXVII.

One hand of his was playing with her tresses,
Those rich, long, glittering locks of ebony hair;
His lips drank sighs by which the heart confesses
That love which is almost too deep to bear.
Against her breast his other hand he pressed
(It seems to find a warm welcome there)
And happy thus the moments glide along,
And both forget that they are doing wrong.

LXXVIII.

An open door displayed a dowry bed,
The eyes of both seemed wandering towards the spot;
And he within her liquid orbs had read
A look of love not easily forgot.
On looks alone our passions are not fed—
The pair should have been married, but were not.
Had Susie been our hero's loving bride,
Then might the bed by law be occupied.

LXXIX.

But when a snowy bosom meets our sight,
And when we daily with a lustrous curl;
When perfumed breath, all in the still night,
Sets wicked, rampant fancies in a whirl;
When we see ankles, feet, and stockings white,
All portions of a sensuous, lovely girl;
I ask you if we haven't got some cause
To throw aside both earth's and Heaven's just laws?

LXXX.

Our hero thought so—be it as it may;
And Susie yielded willing acquiescence:
To make him yet more amorous she'd a way,
Each moment that he staid within her presence.
No wonder that the fair one held such sway,
Of Beauty's self she was a rare quintessence—
No wonder that the morning sun was high,
Before in sleep he closed his weary eye.

LXXXI.

And when he slept 'twas on his lady's breast,
And her fair foot still lingered in his dreams;
All through the hours of deep and tranquil rest
He wandered with her by the pearly streams
That line the land of dreams—and of the bliss.
Around his path joy shed her golden beams,
And bliss had filled his goblet to the brim;
And dreamy pleasure yielded all to him.

LXXXII.

The Canto's done, my friend. The bard—that's I—
Will drop his pen awhile and take a drink;
For some days coming he at least will try
To think of something else besides black ink.
He bids his readers all a kind good bye!
And tells them that he does not mean to thin
Of manuscripts, of metre, or of rhyme.
For one brief week he's going on a "time."

END OF CANTO II.



MR. G. L. FOX.
COMEDIAN AND PANTOMIMIST.
For Biographical Sketch see another Column.

THE LIBERTINE AND HIS VICTIM:

OR,

THE DOOM OF THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE OF

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE, LOVE, AND CRIME:

The Theatre, Turf, Ring, and Bagnio.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER X.

TOMLINS AND HIS FRIENDS HIRE A BOAT AND ARE BENT ON HAVING
A GOOD TIME—THE SCRAP OF PAPER—A NOTE FROM LILLIAN—
\$3,333 33; EACH, CERTAIN—MR. HERBERT HEARS OF HIS DAUGHTER—
THE SEARCH—AN EMPTY HOUSE—LILLIAN FINDS HERSELF
IN NEW HANDS—THE COLONEL TELLS HIS ELEGANT AND FAIR
—HE THEN TELLS FORCE AND MISSES IT—MARZETTA IN TIME
FOR THE RESCUE.

It is Sunday, when all New York and his wife, relieved from the labor of earning their daily bread, lay themselves out for rest and enjoyment; and when the youth, free for one day from the surveillance of their employers, come out in all the strength of holiday suits, not forgetting the everlasting cigar and much cherished jewelry. Though almost winter, the weather was mild and warm, the sky was unclouded, and the sun shed its genial rays over the waters of the Hudson, which sparkled in its light, when Geo. Tomlins and his chums, Gus and Fred, went down to the Battery, and after much haggling with the owner, succeeded in hiring a boat for the day at about half the price he at first asked for it. Each one carried a small parcel of what Gus termed "grub," but which Fred, preferred to particularize as "prog," and from the suspicious shape of their pockets, one could guess that stuff was not wanting to wash it down with. A light breeze just rippled the water and off they went in most agreeable fashion, after many half-breath escapes (on one occasion, as Fred related afterwards, they nearly ran down the Jersey ferry boat) they got a few miles up the river when the wind, which had hitherto been just sufficient to carry them quietly along, died away altogether, and left their sail flapping against the mast. So they took it in, and with a pair of oars which they had taken along, Gus and Fred, tried to propel it, George acting as steersman; but they caught so many "crabs," and performed so many acrobatic feats, that they soon got tired of this, and finally agreed to land in a small bay they saw before them, and have a little fun on shore. This idea was promptly acted upon, and the "prog" and "grog" being landed, they sat themselves down upon some rocks and, as was universally conceded, had a "jolly good time," after which, to shake down the victuals, they indulged in various athletic amusements. George soon got tired of this, and strolling about, climbed up the face of the hill a little way, sat down on a projecting stone, and lighting his meerschaum fell to musing on things in general, while Fred and Gus, got up an impromptu game of quoits with smooth, flat stones.

While thus sitting in a meditative mood, George's eye happened to catch a glimpse of something white lying in a cleft of the rock within a few feet of him. For want of something else to do, he stretched forth his hand and picked up a piece of paper, and was about to amuse himself by twisting it into all manner of shapes, when some words in pencil written upon it, attracted his attention. The paper itself had apparently been blown about a good deal, for it was much soiled as if from earth and rain. He read and re-read it several times and then, carefully placing it in his portmanteau, leaped quickly down, and making his way towards the boat, stood on the beach a few moments and minutely scanned it up and down, but the examination did not seem satisfactory, so he shouted to his companions—

"Come on, Gus, come along, Fred, I'm going home."
"What! to die no more?" replied Fred, with unbecomely levity.
"Here, none of your fun; come right on; the sooner the better. I'll tell you all about the reason afterwards—no time just now, so hurry up! but let's row straight out for a mile or so."
Seeing he was in earnest, they joined him; he took one oar, so that he could sit with his face to the land, and Gus, the other. In silence they went on for a while, until among the trees upon the top of the cliff he noticed a small cottage; then he waited a minute to examine the spot, and turning to Gus and Fred, asked them if they saw it. Fred, intimating that still being blessed with the use of his eyesight, he did see it—what of it?

"Nothing!" replied George.
"Well, that ain't much," chimed in Gus, who with Fred, began to fancy that George was either "tight" or crazy, which conclusion was strengthened by the next question he put.

"What are the three equal parts of ten thousand dollars?"
"Three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars, thirty-three and a third cents."

"Well, consider the money in your pockets."

"Not by a darned sight!" exclaimed Fred. "I'd want to count it, first, to see if it was all right."

George now relapsed into a brown study, and little more was said. They reached the Battery, and then up Broadway they went, until they once more deposited themselves in the small room up stairs, in the Shades, in Franklin street, where we first met them. The usual rounds were ordered and had; then Fred, could contain himself no longer.

"What in thunder, Tomlins, are you up to? Here you've been foolin' round us this hour or two, and devil a word can we get out of you; Jupiter! I won't stand it!"

George put his hand in his pocket, and producing his purse, laid it solemnly on the table before him; then turning to Fred, he said—

"Young man, your language is anything but respectful, or befitting your station, considering that you are worth three thousand and three hundred—"

"Three thousand d—d nonsense! What the blazes are you talking about? If you've got the money in that purse of yours, fork it out—if you haven't, then shut up."

"Ah, well! I will explain—but remember what I tell you, you are worth three—"

"Shut up!" roared Fred; and placing his heels on the table, he leaned back, drew his cap over his eyes, and pretended to go to sleep.

George then opened the purse and, taking out the scrap of paper he had found, continued—

"Gentlemen, your attention for a moment—listen to this!" and he read as follows—

"The writer of this is confined against her will in a house, probably, not very far from where it may be picked up. LILLIAN HERBERT."
"There!" continued George, "what do you think of that?"

Gus, took the paper and, examining it carefully, remarked that he had no doubt but what they now had a clue to Miss Herbert's whereabouts; while Fred, jumped up and performed such a wild Irish dance in a corner of the room that the landlord came up and requested him to make a little less noise.

"Yes!" said George, "I have no doubt we are upon the track now; and I am equally confident that the house which we observed from the boat is the one in which she is."

"And why the deuce," cried Fred, "didn't you tell us all about it at once, so that we could have gone right along and rescued her?"

"And made a mess of it, most likely," hinted Gus. No, no! George was right; all he could have done would have been to put the inmates on their guard, and frighten them off. The question now is, what is best to be done next?"

"I think," said Tomlins, "the proper party to deal with this is her father; he has the best claim to it, and is better able to take the requisite steps for her recovery than any other person."

"That's so!" in the same breath replied both his chums.
"But what about the reward?" asked Fred.

"Well! it is promised to any one who shall give such information as will lead to her recovery—but I'll look out for that. I propose that I should go up to Mr. Herbert's at once and tell him all we know; if you like to wait here till I come back, you'll hear all the news."

Gus, settled himself down to have a comfortable read of the CLIPPER; Fred, stretched himself out on three chairs and went to sleep "for sure," while George set off for Mr. Herbert's residence, and was instantly admitted on his request to see him on business in reference to his lost daughter.

George Tomlins, like a sensible fellow (as he could be when he liked) began at the beginning and related his adventure with the veiled lady, and the share he performed in the abduction of Lillian; and wound up by an account of his adventure that day, producing the slip of paper, whereon the old gentleman recognized his child's handwriting, and was so delighted at the prospect of regaining her, that he not only freely forgave George the part he took in carrying her off, but assured him that he should consider him fully entitled to the entire reward in case of her recovery.

It was too late that afternoon to start on any expedition for the purpose of recognizing the place, and besides there were many arrangements to be made, but it was agreed that George and his friends should be at Mr. Herbert's house two hours before daylight next morning to commence operations.

George returned to Franklin street and reported progress; the three then went right home to bed, to be up in time.

Mr. Herbert repaired to the office of the Chief of Police and obtained the aid of two detectives (one of whom was John Johnson) armed with a warrant to search the premises. Early next morning the parties all met, and having already secured a boat they speedily embarked, and just about daylight succeeded in reaching the point designated by George. It was then agreed that all should land, and that Mr. Herbert and Johnson should advance to the house first, the rest remaining within call in case they might be wanted. This was accordingly done, and with beating heart Mr. Herbert approached the premises and rang the bell, but no reply came. At last, after repeated summonses, the door was forced open and it was found that the house was empty! Traces there were that it had been recently occupied, but the inmates and contents were now gone.

It was a sad party which returned to the city that forenoon. Although Madame Bourri rejected most heartily at having got quit of Bill Jackson, she did not feel her condition much improved by his absence; the terrible scenes she had passed through, and the dreadful presence of the dead which she continually, were sufficient to affect the strongest nerves. The dying look of Lillie followed her wherever she went; waking, or sleeping, the spectre of her murdered maid was present before her. No wonder, then, that she desired to get rid of Lillian as soon as possible and return to the town—but how was this to be effected? All her efforts to induce Lillian to submit herself to the embraces of the Colonel had proved futile, because she had never dared to mention his name to her; but once, and then, the girl had heard it with such unmistakable demonstrations of anger and disgust that she did not venture to repeat it again.

But why not use other means to gain the desired end? The Colonel desired no unwilling companion in his pleasures; he was not satisfied with possession unless it was accorded to him willingly, and his caresses returned with an ardor equal to his own; besides, in this case, the risk of the consequences of such a mode was too great and, compromised as she already was by other matters, she trembled to take any step which might in any way bring her prominently before the authorities, or the public, in the event of exposure.

Again she summoned the Colonel to her presence, and confessed to him the double part she had played, and he, in possession of ever moulding Lillian to her will, at the same time offering the custody of her to the Colonel himself, if he chose to accept of it. Although the Colonel had been long prepared for something of this kind, and had been almost daily expecting the revelation, he was annoyed that Madame Bourri's arts, (which had hitherto never been known to fail) should have proved so barren in their fruits; but now that he had the opportunity he would try some other method, and at once made arrangements to have Lillian removed.

One forenoon, after a light luncheon, during which she had partaken of a small quantity of wine, a drowsiness came over her which gradually yielding to, she fell into a sound sleep—when she awoke she was in a different place.

Immediately after her removal Madame Bourri returned to the city, and the furniture of Rochelle Cottage, which had been hired for the occasion, was returned to its owners.

Lillian soon became aware that she had not only changed her domicile, but that other hands than Madame Bourri's were about to try their skill upon her. She had the entire control of a small suite of apartments furnished with the most exquisite beauty; but all of them were lit from the ceiling, and she knew as little of where she was as if she had been in the midst of an African desert. She was never permitted to be alone; one, and often two young ladies, gifted with all the accomplishments it were possible to possess, were her constant companions. Their conversation was of a peculiar character, however, which the studies she had pursued in her late prison enabled her to listen to and take a part in occasionally, with a facility that one more inexperienced would have shrunk from. Their style of dress, also, which was purposely of such a nature as to leave little scope for the imagination, their charms being displayed with a freedom which would have frightened a more timid scholar, she soon learned to adopt; and when so attired there were none of her companions who could boast of such a magnificence of figure.

But how changed from what she was when taken from her father's house. Then she was pure, body and soul; now, her body still retained its condition, but her soul was tainted by the contamination of what she had been and was now surrounded by. On two points she could not obtain light—one, what was the name of her present guardian; the other, the locality of the abode she now occupied; all such inquiries as these were met

by an evasive reply, or turned off by the introduction of some other subject.

As the reader will probably have guessed by this time, she was in the Seraglio of Col. French, and he was not long in learning the change in her habits and conversation; yet what she congratulated herself on these, an inward conviction was uppermost in his mind that, so far as he was concerned, it would not avail much. But he made up his mind for a trial, and accordingly one night, when his agents reported her in a more than usually gay mood, by a preconcerted arrangement she was left alone for a few moments, and then the Colonel presented himself before her.

Never in his experience had he beheld such beauty, prepared as it were for the sacrifice; with arms, neck and bosom bared, her queenly figure lay reclining on an ottoman; little expecting a visitor other than one of her own sex, her negligent attitude left exposed a foot and ankle of elegant proportions, and what portion of the swelling calf was visible was sufficient to captivate the heart of an anchorite. On perceiving him she started up and, hastily throwing a light shawl about her, confronted him exclaiming—

"Col. French, friend of my father, you here!"
"Yes, my charming Lillian—ah! how beautiful you are to-night!"

"And you are come, Colonel, to rescue me from my captivity, and restore me to my parents?"

"Alas, no! that is beyond my power. Listen, Lillian, for years I have loved you."

"This language to me! Colonel, the daughter of your oldest friend! this return you make to him for his friendship, when in its guise you would rob him of his child!"

Spare your reproaches, for they affect me not; of you I have dreamed day and night, and for you I'd stake my soul against eternal perdition."

"Case, Colonel, cease such addresses to me! for you once, as my father's friend, I had esteem and respect—now it is changed to abhorrence, and sooner than contemplate a union with such as you, I would let the life blood flow from my heart and cease to live!"

"Lillian, Lillian! you cannot—will not drive me to desperation! I know well that you would not reject a man whose years were less numerous, or whose frame was more vigorous. Ever since you left your home you have been under my eye, your every action, word, and almost your thoughts I am fully acquainted with; you cannot deceive me as to the true state of your feelings; so be not so coy. If you will, let me be a husband's title claim the right to protect you, be mine—be mine!"

"Never! had you ever under my father's roof made such an offer you know it would have been rejected, or you never would have adopted the means you now employ to wring consent from me. But now, the offer is ten thousand times more odious to me; never will I consent to be bound by any ties to such a one as you."

"Beware, Miss Herbert; you are in my power, and the day may come when you will regret the rejection of my offer now."

Your threats and your offers I equally despise; you do not commit so foul a wrong—an awful retribution would surely follow. I am in your power, but I demand my instant release. On this condition I promise that no word of mine shall ever implicate you, or any of your agents."

"That cannot be! I have spent weeks of labor in my efforts to bring you here, and I am unaccustomed to give up any project I have once formed. Come, Lillian, let us be friends; 'twill be best for both of us; and in the bliss of mutual love, let us forget our past trials and present troubles."

So saying, the Colonel, who had fortified himself with a goodly supply of wine, and had been gloating with greedy eyes upon the charms of the glorious form before him, darted forward, and by a sudden movement clasped her in his arms, and endeavored to press his lips to hers. With all the energy she could muster she struggled hard against his efforts; but he was a man of powerful frame, and winding his arms around her with a pressure she could not withstand, deprived her of the power of resistance, and she sank helpless on a couch to which he carried her. His passions were by his contact with her now roused to their wildest pitch, and with countenance flushed by expectation, and panting with excitement, he was on the point of accomplishing his purpose, when the Spanish girl, Marzetta, rushed into the room, and with a long, pointed stiletto in her hand threw herself between the Colonel and his intended victim, and with up-lifted arm threatened to plunge it into his breast if he advanced another step.

"Curses on you, Marzetta! What mean you by this?"

"Aye! curse me if you will, but no cowardly act shall be perpetrated on this unoffending girl while I am at hand to protect her. You promised, when you induced us to join in your scheme, that you would not use violence against me; and now you would compromise yourself and us by a deed which might condemn you to a felon's cell, and us to outcasts in the world."

"Marzetta, you presume on your position thus to talk to me—leave us now, another time I will speak to you of this."

"I will not leave you; by her side I shall remain until she do as I please."

"Stay, Marzetta, stay with me!" faintly exclaimed Lillian.

Finding all resistance useless, with a scowl of hate at Marzetta, which she returned with defiant looks, Col. French retired, and left the two girls rejoicing over the timely escape which Lillian had so narrowly made.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

G. L. FOX.

Born in Boston, Mass., in 1825. Made his first appearance on any stage in 1830 at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as one of the Children in "The Hunter of the Alps," for the benefit of Mr. Charles Kean. In 1835, he made his first appearance in New York, in "The Demon of the Desert," at the National Theatre. When the call for three months volunteers was made by the President, Mr. Fox, who was at that time in partnership with Mr. Lingard in the management of the New Bowery Theatre, in this city, resolved to give his services to his country, and accordingly took a last appearance on the stage on the 22d of April, 1861. When Mr. Fox appeared on the stage, he was received with a storm of applause that lasted some minutes. At the conclusion of the first piece, Mr. Fox sang a verse of "Yankee Doodle." Subsequently, Mr. Fox appeared before the curtain, in answer to the calls of his friends, and made a speech full of love for his country, and gratitude to his many friends. He finally left for the busy world of war, as Lieutenant in the gallant New York Eighth Regiment. During the celebrated Bull Run battle, the Eighth took a very active part in the engagement, and singularly enough, our courageous and crafty little Fox was the only officer that stuck to his command and did not skulk away. All honor, then, to our brave little Bowery manager. On the 29th of July, 1861, Mr. Fox returned from the seat of war, and the 27th he appeared at the New Bowery Theatre, and met with a crowded house and a hearty reception. The play of the "Spit Fire" was appropriately selected as the piece for his re-appearance, as the plot gave him splendid opportunities to "gag" with telling effect on the affair at Bull Run. As the curtain ascended, the orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home," ending with the National melody; and when the actor-soldier made his appearance, a really terrible burst of applause rang through the house, lasting several minutes. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen their hats, and all shouted until "choked off" by "stared nature." The gods in the pit, in their excitement, went beyond themselves, and yelled like bands of Pandemonium; let loose, threw up their caps, and some their jackets, and at the highest pitch of their excitement seemed as if they would charge the stage in a body, and discharge their greetings at Fox, individually. When the excitement had subsided, Mr. Fox essayed to speak, and introduced himself as an "emigrant from Bull Run," and then proceeded to give a vivid detail of the Bull Run disaster. The burthen of his speech was in defending our troops, paying a handsome tribute to the Zouaves, and in allusion to himself spoke with great modesty. As he was about to "retreat" to the rear of the curtain, Mr. Lingard, who was in ambush, behind a masked battery, advanced from the right of the stage, and charging Fox to remain, delivered a neat oration complimentary to Mr. Fox, and then presented him with a beautiful gold medal, with a suitable inscription thereon. The medal presentation overcame Manager Fox, as he stated that Lingard's "soft soap" overwhelmed him, and he could only return his "sincere thanks," the audience cheering lustily, amid the noise of which both gentlemen retreated in "good order." In April, 1862, Mr. Fox retired from the management of the New Bowery, and leaving Wallace's old theatre, opened it as Fox's Olympic on the 21st of April, with a very clever company, but the style of performances failed to please, or, at least, failed to attract paying audiences, and his season terminated on the 10th of May. He then had his managerial eye on the wreck of the old Bowery establishment, and, gathering together a good stock company, he opened that building on the 24th of May, the same year, and has continued up to the present moment meeting with great success.

His first season at the old Bowery was sufficiently remunerative, so that previous to his commencing another campaign he was enabled to give the house a rough rejuvenation, and made it a "brand new house," for which Mr. Fox deserves the thanks of all his patrons. He reopened August 6th, 1863, with a good company, and is, we are happy to say, meeting with all the success he could possibly wish. Mr. Fox is possessed of a remarkable fund of humor, and whatever part he may assume is sure of being successful. His forte lies in pantomime, and as a pantomimic artist, he has very few rivals on the stage. He is a clever comedian, and one of the best Wormwoods, in the farce of "The Lottery Ticket," that the American stage has ever seen, his facial acting being luminous.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

CARROLL PIERCE, Alexandria, Va.—A match game of Ten Pins was to be rolled for a silver cup, the most pins in five full strings. I being one of the competitors, rolled one game in the morning of five full strings and made 1189 pins. In the afternoon I commenced rolling for the cup, and after rolling two strings offered to bet \$50 or \$100 that I would win the cup, when \$40 were put up that I would not, which I covered, and by rolling my five strings scored 1281 pins. Several persons contended for the cup and the most made was 1231 pins, the roller of which claims the cup, but not the money, by saying that he had beat my morning roll, when it was distinctly understood by all present that my bet was I would win the cup. Please give a decision.

The above is signed by Messrs. Pierce and Field as proprietors of the alley, which changes the seeming *ex parte* appearance of the evidence. We decide, therefore, that he who made 1281 pins in his five strings wins both cup and bet.

FRANK, 1st Ind. Cav., Glymont, Md.—I. The account of that affair never got our way. Possibly some of our friends in Circleville, O., will forward particulars of the Harris and Davis \$1000 foot race. 2. Each article will have to be procured at separate stores. There are no places that undertake to fit out "running costumes." 3. No; but if he sees and calls the check, after you move disregarding it, you will be compelled to replace your last move and oblige the check.

J. H. Cape May, N. J.—Four of us were playing a partner game of Cuche May. One orders it up and goes alone; the opposite side plays alone against him. One takes three tricks, and the other takes two. How many does he who took three tricks, count? If the player who ordered it up makes three tricks, he scores one point only; if the opposite party made the three tricks, he eulches his opponent, and is entitled to two chalks.

A READER, Allegheny.—1. The Philadelphia Academy of Music is the largest and finest place of amusement in this country. 2. As we are not acquainted with your "style" it is a matter of impossibility for us or "any other man" who has never seen you to give you any advice on the subject. You might be a gay old sport or a very Methodical "individual," which would make a considerable difference as to your entering the "profess."

J. O. H. W., Burlington, Vt.—Mr. Phelan has no billiard saloon now. Dudley Kavanagh, the present billiard champion, is now proprietor of what was Phelan's saloon on the corner of Tenth street and Broadway. It contains fourteen tables. 2. Chris. Connor's saloon on Fourteenth street is the largest and most elaborately fitted up, and contains twenty-two of Phelan's tables.

E. H. Morris Island, S. C.—1. Two sixes and three trays in cribbage count ten by fifteen, six for pair royal and two for single pair. Total 18. 2. A sequence can be taken for cards played in the following order—six, tray, five, four, seven, 3. There is no "skunking" in the game. 4. Your subscription expires with No. 47, of this volume.

How ARE YOU? Chicago.—1. Where a partner assists, the rule says that the dealer may or may not play alone, but that the point should be settled before commencing the game. 2. C. having ordered it up, B or D cannot play alone against him. 3. A straight flush cannot beat four.

J. H. M., Camp 20, R. I. Vols., Culpepper, Va.—1. Write to M. Nelson, 421 Broadway. 2. For his movements keep one eye on our city summary. 3. Patchen is on a "starring tour"—he trotted in Utica, Sept. 17th. 4. The last we heard of Flora was laid up at her owner's stables near Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA.—"In playing Euchre, has the dealer the privilege of going alone when his partner has assisted."..... We think not; the rule says that he may go alone or he may not, but that the question should be settled before entering upon the game.

G. H. Chicago.—Hamill and Ward have been opponents in sculling four times, viz., in a three and a five mile race on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, and two five mile races at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson river.

R. B. J., Louisville, Ky.—The match between Heenan and King is not for the Championship of England, as we have repeatedly stated. It is a match entirely independent of the office, and of the belt.

MILWAUKEE.—The Forrest divorce trial was commenced on the 16th of December, 1861, and a verdict was rendered on the 20th of January, 1862.

J. STEPHENS, Philadelphia.—That is a matter that directly concerns the managers. An interview with one or the other of them might be the means of bringing about the desired end.

OLD JAW BONE, Baltimore.—Our impression is, that the Collins steamship line between New York and Liverpool was discontinued about the early part of 1859.

X. N., Boston.—We have no record of such performances, but John Howard is said to have cleared twenty-eight feet, in a running leap, in England.

CONSTANT READER, Media.—It is probable that the entire work will be published in book form. We are crowded for space just now.

H. S., Camden, N. J.—We have copies of Sept. 19th, but none of the 12th; can send you that number or any other for six cents each.

J. H. W., Washington, D. C.—We are at all times pleased to hear from our friends at their convenience. The post of "regular correspondent" is now occupied, however.

CLIPPER READER, Hannibal, Mo.—For the first attempt use the skipping rope, Indian clubs, turn-somersaults, etc.; for the second, keep perfectly quiet.

J. T. W., Camp Robinson.—1. The non-dealer takes the point in a tie. 2. After the suit is changed the cards cannot be run further without consulting the remaining players.

J. H. M., Culpepper, Va.—1. We know of no work treating on the subject. 2. They are laying off in clover. 3. See our theatrical summary. 4. Pretty well, thank you, how are you?

BLUE.—1. You can get along very well with bones, tamb, double bass, violin, banjo and guitar. 2. Books of that kind can be purchased from almost any of our newscasters.

HARRY LAZARUS, Bill Clark, and others.—There's a heap of trouble on the young fellow's mind just now—will write when it's over.

A. H. H., Alexandria, Va.—We send you all the back numbers we have. Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, of the present volume are out of print and cannot be had at any price.

G. F. E., Palmyra.—If your dog is so bad you had better kill it, and put it out of its suffering. 2. We think it is not a good bet.

J. F.—1. Mace and Sayers never fought a prize fight together. 2. Dan Donnelly beat Oliver. 3. Oliver was never champion of England.

H. F., Bangor, Me.—Address Samuel Southern, No. 42 Scammel street, N. Y.

LADY AUSTIN, Long Island.—We do not know the individual to whom you refer, nor do we know of any one to recommend.

CONSCRIPT, Scranton, Pa.—It was quite right for A to give and B to accept one as gift, even though it put the latter out.

G. B. N., Toronto.—We are sorry, but we have none of the engravings you wish, nor are they obtainable here.

E. C. E., Gambler, O.—A set of four gloves \$5, freight extra. We do not C. O. D.

C. E. C., Rochester.—Not a copy of that number in the office. The edition was exhausted long since.

C. S. F., Ann Arbor, Mich.—C having made the trump, D cannot play alone against him.

BOATING, Philadelphia.—Putman's Rowers' Manual is just the book for you. Address him, care of Herald office, N. Y. City.

DRY DOCK.—The old Rowery was several times destroyed by fire, the last time in 1845.

WM. J. McF., Mount Vernon, O.—Sent on October 10th.

J. P., Mrs. Forrest was not born in this country.

C. J., Chicago.—Low counts before Jack made in play.

J. K., Danville, Ill.—See answer to E. C. E.

FUMMER, Indianapolis.—Morrissey did lick Heenan.

T. A. RYAN, New Bend.—We know of no such place in this city.

T. B., Chicago.—The lady is at present at the Buffalo Theatre.

C. H. D., New Haven, Ct.—O. K. \$10.

E. F. J., Williamstown, Mass.—As aforesaid, we do not C. O. D.

WOULDN'T GO OFF.—A pigeon shooting festival was advertised to come off last week on the Jersey flats, opposite New York, but sufficient publicity was not given to the affair, and it proved a fizzle. We knew nothing of the proposed shoot until a day or two before the time announced for the opening of the meeting.

But we sent a reporter over there to take account of the proceedings; his return to our writ was "no effects," the scarcity of shooters and patrons of the sport rendering a postponement necessary. Had the gentlemen engaged in getting up the proposed festival sent us a programme, or informed us of what was in contemplation, we should have given it publicity and done all in our power to ensure the success of the enterprise. We are not surprised that the proposed shoot failed to go off. The CLIPPER is the popular sporting paper in this country, and is always ready to further the interests of the sporting community, "without money and without price." Don't forget this hereafter, when another shoot is talked of.

HOSSTETTER'S RETIRED.—The fame of this excellent tonic is fast growing to be universal. Whether it is a remedy for the many ailments its compounds claim for it, is more than we can say, but having tried one bottle we can say that it is an excellent appetizer, and gives great relief in cases of dyspepsia.

THE LATE CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.

NEGLECT OF TRAINING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Is the late aquatic encounter between the now and for the second time Champion of American waters, James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, and Joshua Ward, of Newburgh, also twice incumbent of the same honorable office, the latter was beaten easily, so much so that some of those who bet their money on him, not those who know him, impute that he lost purposely. This is a libel which we think his former career will fully silence. The cause of his defeat lies, we firmly believe, in another direction, and may be attributed mainly, if not altogether, to slighting the advantages of a thorough course of training. Let us look back a little. In the first matches between these two men at Philadelphia, Ward no doubt thought that he had an easy thing, and although he did not entirely neglect taking exercise, failed to take as much pains as he should have done; fell sick a few days before the race, lost flesh rapidly, and was beaten. On the next occasion, or at the first match this year, knowing that he had a tough man to deal with, he was more careful; while Hamill, through being over confident from his former easy victory, took his training more leisurely. The consequence was that their conditions were reversed, and Ward won easily. On this last occasion the same causes produced the same effects, the subjects only being changed. Hamill's chief backer, who witnessed the first race at Poughkeepsie, no doubt felt convinced that Ward was the better man, and we are sure that no one could be blamed for arriving at such a conclusion from such an example, and prudently declined backing Hamill again. Johnny Mackey, however, a shrewd sporting financier, one of the best judges of physical development, and who from long experience knows full well how the chances are multiplied for winning by "the perfection of condition," saw that his fellow townsman had that within him, which, properly developed, would lead to victory. On the strength of his good judgment other backers were found, and the two, alternately Champions and ex-Champions, were again matched. Mackey forthwith took his *protège* in charge, and brought him to the stake boat physically perfect. Ward, on the other hand, was again neglected—or neglected himself—and acknowledged to our reporter that he did not feel as well as he might, having some pounds more flesh on his body than when in the full vigor of health and strength. The result is recorded in the last issue of the CLIPPER. Now it may be, as is asserted by some, that Ward had his day, and Hamill may possibly be somewhat the better man, but there is no such difference between them as would appear from the ease with which one has beaten the other on the three occasions. Were it so, one could give the other ten or twenty lengths start; and we think we see Hamill offering such terms. Not our opinion is that the men are as nearly equal as can be, and were they both at the same time in the same perfection of condition as was Hamill at the last contest, one of the best struggles in a five mile race would take place that ever was witnessed. Such is the value of physical training in contests of this kind, whether in the ring, on the course, or on the water; that all other things being equal, as we believe they were in this case, the man who is careful to train well and with judgment *must* win; while he who neglects himself will be certainly lost. The career of Ward and Hamill, to our mind proves it. CLIPPER readers will profit by the lesson here taught.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The date fixed for the great contest at billiards between John Seeretter of Detroit, and Dudley Kavanagh of New York, for the champion's baton—the gold mounted cue—and \$1000, is all but here, and ere the present issue of the CLIPPER reaches some of its readers, the question of who is the better man will have been decided. The affair is creating a vast deal of interest, and is the general topic of conversation in amateur as well as professional billiard circles. As might be supposed, Kavanagh is the favorite in New York and vicinity, but his friends are not so confident as to bet odds that he will win. So far speculation has not been heavy, some half dozen bets at even, of amounts varying from \$5 to \$100, being all that we have heard of. A little has been done, however, at 100 to 75, the giver of odds to take the choice of men. Speculators, as a general thing, are holding back till the evening of the encounter, when we presume greenbacks will be freely invested. Seeretter is in town, and report speaks well of his condition and practice with the cue. On the other hand, rumors have been set afloat that Kavanagh is not quite up to the mark, he having been taken down a few times in grand discount games, as well as when in practice with Mr. Phelan. We strongly suspect, however, that these rumors are given out to influence the "exchange" and to keep the odds from getting too much in favor of Dudley. Be this as it may, however, we may confidently look for a stubborn contest for all the honors and perquisites at Irving Hall, on Thursday evening, October 18th, and all those who admire a shrewdly played game in which the best judgment as well as the most delicate manipulation are exhibited, will not fail to be on hand early, for the indications are that the hall will be packed full. On the afternoon and evening of the day previous a tournament is to be held, in which all the famous professionals are announced to appear, the proceeds to be donated to Mr. Gavitt alias Tiger of rectorial fame. Next week's CLIPPER will contain full particulars of this important match.

RUN OFF THE TRACK.—Of the spring racing meeting at Paterson, N. J., we spoke in terms of commendation at the time, and declared it to have been one of the best managed affairs of the kind we ever attended. The success which the Association met with was well deserved, for there was nothing left undone by the committee that would in the least contribute to the amusement of the public. Then, popular prices were charged for admission to the grounds, and the people turned out in very large numbers to contribute to the success of the enterprise. So far, so good. The full meeting came off last week, but the high tariff then charged visitors, had the effect to keep the public away, and the meeting created considerable dissatisfaction. What induced the doubling of the rates of admittance we have not ascertained, but presume it must have been from a desire to make money. If so, it failed in its object, for the receipts were behind those of the spring meeting, while the expenses were equally heavy. The weather, during the first and second days, was all that could be wished for, yet the people were determined to show by their absence that the changes made since the spring meeting were extremely unpopular, and calculated to retard racing interests throughout the State. Our Paterson friends can study the matter over during the chilling frosts of winter, and if they are sharp they may avoid a second nip at the spring meeting, always provided that such a meeting is contemplated.

NORFOLK.—E. Z. C. Judson, well known as "Ned Buntline," called upon us on the morning of the 12th, feeling highly indignant, as well he might, at the charge, made in a daily paper, that he was a deserter. He came fully armed with all the necessary documentary evidence that he was on a furlough granted in proper manner by the proper authorities, which does not expire until the 23d inst. Ned looks well, and says his heart beats right for his country, which he is endeavoring to serve in a military capacity with his strong right arm. His regiment is now at Scranton, Pa.

TOMMY BURNS AGAIN A BONIFACE.—The far-famed Tommy Burns, formerly of Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, who has been instrumental in getting up some of the finest regattas in the country, has opened a "branch" (not Stephen H.) at No. 1 Barclay street, corner of Broadway, where his numerous friends may find him once more behind the Bar, master of as choice a stock of Liquors and Cigars as the city affords. Go and see him, for Tommy is one of the old stock.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—Green, the Australian, Champion of the Thames, on the eve of his departure for England for Australia, has issued a formal challenge to the world, to row for universal supremacy, on Australian waters, for \$500 a side, he giving his guest and competitor \$150 for expenses to the scene of trial.

Oil PAINTING OF THE CHAMPION.—At the White House, 113 Grand street, will be seen a fine oil painting of Joe Coburn in racing costume, well worth a seeing.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC ENGAGEMENT.

THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH CHAMPIONS.

J. C. HEENAN AND TOM KING.

The citizens of the United States have been so intent upon watching the struggle between Uncle Sam and his rebellious nephews, that sporting contests in which they once took such lively interest fail to attract the same attention as formerly. The signs of the times indicate, however, a cessation of this bloody set-to at an early date, as the aiders and abettors of the rebellion are fast hiding their diminished heads. When the chief seconds of Jeff Davis shall have thrown up the sponge in token of defeat and we shall have once more become a band of brothers, then sports and pastimes will flourish as of yore, a condition of things that CLIPPER readers are sure will cordially welcome back. We have been led into the preceding brief dissertation from noting the fact that although the great pugilistic battle between J. C. Heenan and Tom King, to take place on Dec. 8th, is of possible more importance than that between J. C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, because of the large amount of money to be fought for and the more equal calibre of the men, yet the interest though great, taken in the former, is not by any means equal to the *furor* which prevailed when the latter was in progress. This lukewarmness we account for as above, while at the same time we call attention to the fact that the preliminary proceedings, such as staking the several deposits, issuing of colors, etc., admonish us that the great event is fast rounding into the home stretch, and that it is rapidly nearing that point of time when, as the Bowery boy graphically described the situation "it will be all over but the shouting." On September 24th, the fifteenth deposit of \$50 a side was duly staked at Jimmy Welsh's, in the Borough, London, making in all £1800 or \$9,600 down out of the \$10,000, which left but \$1000 more to be staked at that time. Since then, however, supposing things to have progressed all O. K., which we have no reason to doubt, another \$1000 have been placed to the respective accounts of the two heroes, as they were to meet at Harry Orme's on Oct. 8th, for that purpose.

A BIG BET.

In betting, the American had evidently got the call at long odds, and one heavy bet of \$3000 to \$2000 was offered and accepted at Tattersall's on Monday, Sept. 21st, that J. C. Heenan would win. On the 24th ult., at the ceremony of the staking above alluded to, Heenan was the recipient of "all the honors," and his colors (true American) are red, white, and blue. A benefit, complimentary to be of Benicia, is soon to be given, which we hope will net a large amount. If his fellow-countrymen could have the same opportunity, what a bumper it would be! Of King we have learned but little, although it would appear that his backers (by the way they bet their money) think he is no chicken, and that there is some chance, at least, of his being the victor. Hard knocks alone, however, will solve that question. Everything in connection with the big battle seems to be going on harmoniously, and if we are not much mistaken, New Yorkers will have the stirring news of the battle lost and won, in time to give a relish to their Christmas dinner, and add a zest to the festive proceedings of that usually joyous time. As the day of battle approaches, the CLIPPER will give all particulars of interest that may transpire in connection with the same. We would caution our readers, however, against being hoaxed by all sorts of false rumors that will be set afloat by designing parties and papers, to influence the betting; in other words—beware of the bulls and bears of the sporting Bialbo!

COME OVER.—There are scores of first class oarsmen in England, and we should like to see one of the best of them try his merits with one of our own men, on American waters. No doubt Jimmy Hamill would row against the best man that England can produce, should one be pleased to "cross the raging sea," and meet our champion here. Chambers was almost persuaded to come over, but he flew the course at the last moment, and the money that Ward had put up to blind the match, was of no avail. Chambers, or any other good man, will find plenty of friends here, and plenty of money as well; so do let us have an international rowing match the coming spring. The terms might be settled during the winter, and everything made "tight and trim" for a grand aquatic carnival "all in the month of May." What say our neighbors at the other end of the big ferry? Are they in? Or will it be necessary for our little champion to challenge them on their own waters?

THE TRIGGER.—From those who have been out after game, the pretty general verdict is that there is plenty to shoot at, but that the birds are fat and lively, and that it requires a pretty smart shot to fetch 'em down.

THE TURF.

PATERSON RACES.

Effort upon effort has been made at various intervals to popularize racing on the North, but so far only partial success has resulted, for the simple reason that the managers of the same have not understood their business. They have seemed to entertain the erroneous idea that only those who drive four in hand, or cut up some other subterranean caper can appreciate the qualities of a high mettled racer, or can grow excited over their lightning speed, and bet their money accordingly. In England, or way down South in Dixie, it is approximately so, but in the North and especially near New York, popular prices with *quid pro quo* in the way of accommodation must be the rule or failure will inevitably ensue. At the meeting in the spring of this year, at Paterson, good management in the main prevailed, and resulted in a great success, and a large attendance than we remember having seen or heard of before in this vicinity. This success, however, appears to have inflated the managers of "The Paterson Agricultural Association" to such a degree, that they thought that the bare announcement that a fall meeting was to be held under their auspices was sure to be successful, and that all other considerations might be ignored by them with impunity. To a partial extent it was so, on the first day, for very many having pleasant recollections of the meeting in the spring went, but, saving the very good performances of the animals, how sorely were they disappointed! Having to pay double tariff for miserable accommodations, in fact, none at all, except to be shut up in an enclosure like cattle in a pen. The consequence was, that excepting dead heads, the attendance was smaller on each successive day. We hope the managers will make good application of the lesson taught, and do better in future, or else Paterson races will soon be forgotten by those of the most tenacious memory. But to the sport, which from limited space we must treat upon briefly. On the

First Day, Oct. 6th, beautiful weather prevailed, and the track, which is most picturesquely located about 1½ miles from Paterson on the banks of the romantic Passaic river, was in first rate condition. The first race was for 3 year olds. \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit, for a purse of \$300, mile heats. The horses brought out to contend for this purse were Ben Bruce, Lizzie W., Aldebaran, Copeck, and Skeddadle. To show how the chances for winning were rated by speculators we give the pool betting: Lizzie W. \$100, Copeck and Skeddadle \$45 each, Ben Bruce \$35, and Aldebaran \$25. A most exciting race ensued, Copeck winning the first heat, Aldebaran the second, and Lizzie W. the third, but unfortunately her efforts to win proved her ruin, as she had injured the tendon of her near fore leg to such an extent that she was withdrawn. Skeddadle was also debarred from running in the last heat as he had not won one of the former, so that Copeck and Aldebaran were the only animals left to run for the fourth and winning heat, which was hotly contested, Aldebaran winning by three lengths. Summary:—

Nannie Lewis by imp. Glencoe..... 4 1 3 1
J. Hunter's ch. Copeck, by Lexington, dam Rosette..... 1 2 4 2
Yorkshire.....
J. W. Weldon's b. f. Lizzie W., by imp. Scythian, dam Prunella by imp. Glencoe..... 2 5 1 d
J. M. Clay's ch. f. Skeddadle, by Yorkshire, dam Magnolia by Glencoe..... 3 3 2 d
P. C. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce, by Lexington, dam by Alford. 5 4 d.

Time, 1:48; 1:47; 1:48; 1:52.

THE SECOND RACE was a post stake for a purse of \$500 for all ages, two mile heats. \$100 entrance, play or pay. In betting Lizzie W. was the favorite at the following figures: In \$1000 pools, Lizzie W. \$600, Thunders \$300, and John B. Davidson \$35. These were the only animals that ran, Reporter being withdrawn. Amused is the summary:—

Mrs. H. Hogan's gr. h. Thunders, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Capt. J. G. Moore's b. m. Lizzie W., 6 yrs..... 2 3
J. S. Watson's J. B. Davidson, 4 yrs..... 3 2

TIME.
1st Heat..... 1:57 1/2 2d mile. 3d mile. 3:45
2d Heat..... 1:51 1/2 1:48 3:40

SECOND DAY, October 7th.

The weather and track were again all that could be desired. The attendance, however, was not nearly so large as on the first day, while the fair females whose smiles usually make all things gay and lovely, seemed to have gone back on the whole concern, for very few were there, and they not in the best of hu-

mor. The events of the day were not on a par with its predecessors in the way of sport, and the results are seen to the right.

THE FIRST RACE was for a \$300 purse for two year olds, \$100 entrance, half forfeit, single mile dash, to carry \$900. The following were the contestants:—

J. M. Clay's b. c. Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe..... 1
J. Acherman's ch. c. Eagle, by Van Dyke, dam by imp. Sovereign, J. F. Watson's f. f. Minnie Miron, by Lexington, dam Julia, by imp. Glencoe..... 2
Time, 1:48 1/2.

THE SECOND RACE was at mile heats, for a purse of \$200 for all ages. This event was very interesting, well contested, and resulted as follows:—

E. G. Moore's ch. h. Ben West, 5 yrs old, by Van Dyke, dam by imp. Glencoe..... 1
Cut Out..... 2
J. W. Pennock's ch. m. Rebecca T. Price, by Colonel, dam by imp. Margrave..... 3
J. W. Weldon's imp. b. h. Hillsboro, by Stockwell..... 4
Time, 1:50; 1:50.

Ben West proved to be a CLIPPER and did about as he pleased with his two competitors.

THE THIRD RACE was a selling race, 2½ miles dash, for a purse of \$300, all horses entered to be sold for \$1 \$50, to carry that proper weight; for \$1,000, 11 lbs; for \$500, 14 lbs; for \$200, 21 lbs. All over the price stated in the entry to go to the Association, and should any horse not bring the amount named, the owner to have the privilege of retaining him.

C. L. Lloyd's Thorough Neck was entered to be sold for \$300; C. Littlefield's br. h. Harper, four years old, \$1,500; J. M. Clay's ch. f. Anna Travis, three years old, by imp. Yorkshire, \$1,000; J. Hunter's b. c. Rouble, three years old, by Star Davis, \$1,000. In the pools Thorough Neck sold for \$600; Anna Travis, for \$155; Rouble and Harper for \$75 each. The race may be summed up in a few words. Thorough Neck took up the running from the start, maintained it throughout, and won easily by four lengths. A good race on the last half mile for second place between Rouble and Anna Travis resulted in favor of the latter. Time, 4:40.

THE FOURTH AND LAST RACE for the day was a 1½ mile dash for a purse of \$200 for all horses sold at the Spring meeting. For this there were nine entries, but only four came to the start, viz., Abu Baker, Symphathy, Canary Bird, and Punch, whose contest resulted in giving the following summary:—

E. B. Col's ch. c. Abu Baker, 3 yrs, by Mahomet, dam Reena, by Bethune..... 1
J. W. Weldon's b. m. Symphathy, 4 yrs, by imp. Scythian, dam by imp. Glencoe..... 2
J. W. Weldon's ch. f. Canary Bird, 3 yrs, by imp. Abdon, dam by imp. Alunderley..... 3
J. H. Strong's ch. c. Punch, 4 yrs, by Mahomet, dam by imp. Yorkshire..... 4
Time, 2:46.

THIRD DAY, Oct. 8th.

A gloomy morning, with clouds fully charged with rain, put a decided damper on the affairs of the turf, and had the effect of keeping away a number of those who otherwise would have been present. On arriving on the ground, we took stock of those on hand, and saw but few who were not inveterate sports, who make a point of attending, rain or shine, and deadheads, which include stockholders, honorary members, and their friends. In the dollar stakes there were not a dozen persons, while in the fifty-cent centers there were about double that number. The grand stand was better occupied, and the twenty-five-centers were there in some force. But for the weather and exclusive management above alluded to, the attendance would no doubt have been large, for the bill of fare for the day was a good one, and very attractive in character, and it included two mile heats race, a three mile heats race, and a 1½ mile dash.

THE FIRST RACE was magnificently contested, particularly the first and second heats, the third being won in rather easy style by Lodi, a beautiful brown colt, indeed, and of exceedingly graceful action. Summary:—

Purse, \$500; \$200 entrance, \$50 forfeit, for three year olds; two mile heats.

John M. Clay's b. c. Lodi, by Yorkshire, dam Topaz..... 2 1 1
J. S. Watson's ch. c. Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis..... 3 2 2
J. Hunter's b. c. Copeck, by Lexington, dam Rosette..... 3 2 2

Time—3:50 1/2; 3:40; 3:40 1/2.

THE SECOND RACE was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, a stubborn contest, and fast time being looked for. It lay between John Morrissey's J. B. Davidson, and H. Hogan's Thunders, at three mile heats. Unfortunately, however, just before the time for the start, the rain descended in torrents, and the track was soon transformed into a sea of mud, thus adding materially to the labor of the horses for such long heats. However, despite the mud, the appearance of the horses was prompt at the bugle's blast, and at the top of the drums went off at a rapid gallop, and a beautifully even thing of it they had round and round again, there being but little to choose between them. As they entered upon the home stretch in the third mile, however, Thunders cut capers through his rider losing his skull case, and Davidson won by two or three lengths in the good time, considering the heavy condition of the track, of 5:45. The second heat was but a repetition of the first, excepting Davidson having a little more easy thing of it, and the time not being so fast. Summary:—

RACE DAY.—Purse, \$800, for all ages; three mile heats.

J. Morrissey's b. h. J. B. Davidson, by Star Davis..... 1 1
H. Hogan's g. h. Thunders, by Lexington, dam Rosette..... 2 2
Time—5:43 1/2; 5:38.

THE THIRD RACE, and last of the meeting, was a 1½ mile dash, which was run in a shower of rain, after a large portion of the spectators had re-departed, shelter themselves from being about the last thing the managers had thought of. Summary:—

RACE DAY.—Purse, \$200; 1½ mile dash, for three year olds; two mile heats.

J. M. Clay's ch. f. Skeddadle, by Yorkshire..... 1
J. Hunter's b. c. Rouble, by Star Davis..... 2
P. C. Bush's b. m. Ben Bruce, by Lexington, dam by Alford..... 3
Time—2:21 1/2.

The jockeys in the two last events got their day colors considerably drenched with Jersey red earth, and their persons considerably disfigured by the same "condiment." Gilpatrick, who rode Morrissey's horse, was hardly to be recognized, so bespattered was he, and he had somewhat the appearance of Johnny Gilpin after his famous equestrian feat. Thus was brought to a close the Paterson Fall Meeting, greatly to the disgust of most of those who were there, and to the loss, we doubt not, of the Association. In fact, it was but one degree superior to our Long Island Hippodrome, and that isn't saying much, as everybody knows.

STIPITATED TROT ON THE UNION COURSE BETWEEN GEN. McCLELLAN AND LANCAST.—Those who prefer to see good trotting to running races, and their name is legion, had an excellent opportunity on the 5th inst., on the Union Course, to see the general McClellan, Lancaet, and Sunnyside were entered for a \$450 sweepstake. The latter was, however, withdrawn, leaving the spots to be contended for by the remaining two. And a magnificent contest it was, truly, resulting in no less than five closely trotted heats and very fair time, in spite of the high and searching breeze which prevailed. We regret being unable to find room for more than the following summary:—

MONDAY, Oct. 5.—Sweepstakes \$450; mile heats; best three in five, to wagons.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Messrs. William Teale, Stone & Mudge, William Ellinger, Dan. Shelby, John Dunn, Thomas Miller, Harry Leslie, R. H. Thompson, W. S. Russell, Bob Butler, pantomimist; Frank Tryon, W. H. Donaldson, Oasian E. Dodge, Charles J. Fyfe, R. E. J. Miles, Albert H. Fernald, and the Misses Amy Davenport and Dora Dawson.

TO THE PROFESSION.

The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourself and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the news furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek for any kind of reward. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Oct. 12, 1863.

The past week was one ever to be remembered by the "oldest inhabitants," and the last "survivors of the war of 1812," for it witnessed the debut in state of the shoddy aristocracy, with all their imperfections and brilliancy upon their heads. The occasion which drew together this assemblage of newly-hatched aristocrats was the re-opening of the Academy of Music, for the season of 1863-4, under the direction of Maretzek the bold. What shall we say of this mass meeting of happy-go-luckies, these gossamers of the loaves and fishes, and fly pickers up of crumbs of comfort that fall from the well-filled coffers of ye "opulent Abraham," as one of the shoddy aristocracy, "all a-blowing and a growling," very inappropriately called our long President a short time ago? What shall we say of the shoddy show? We went to hear the opera, but we hope never to eat another plate of hash if we didn't forget all about it the moment we got inside the big building. The first shoddy woman that met our ardent, spirited gaze was a gal who, but a few years ago, sat next to us at the table, and ate hash with us at Mr. Simmons' twenty-shilling boarding house. (You could get board for that price in those days.) Well, there, you should have seen her at the opera! Oh! it was pizen. She was attired in the loftiest height of the current fashion, and ornaments did bedeck her person from "stem to stern," as an old salt expressed it. And such airs! She just laid off as if she was used to it. Guess who she was with, too. Why, old Stevens, that used to buy up dark lights and dubious livers for dog feed. His profession got him a contract to gather all the fat and grease that accumulated along the quiet banks of the Potomac when our army held high revel there, and he now revels in his own mansion up on Murray Hill. He looked a little awkward in his white kids, but she brazened it out, and did divers fashionable things heretofore only supposed to be done by the legitimates. This was the first pair we came across; there were hundreds of others like unto them, however, cutting a mighty swell and damaging the prospects of the old codfish brand. The shoddy women were dressed and undressed in the most costly moire anties, etc.; the more antic the ladies, the more "antic" their scanty covering; diamonds did flash on the bosoms and arms of these flashy women; and there were rings on their fingers, and, for aught we know, bells on the toes of these shoddy belles, if we might judge by the way they kept their clappers going. It was a dazzling sight that our freshly-dressed shoddy hens presented, and one that men of strong passions might look upon with awe, and wonder where they got all the things. "Flashed all their arms so bare," close by the breastworks there, which heaved back the silks so rare, and brought to view many a pair of soft mounds of shoddy. We never beheld such sights in such profusion. Max himself was astounded at the gorgeous display, and once or twice threw the whole orchestra out of tune by his untimely efforts to go one eye on the audience and the other on his music. The people of the shoddy applauded everything and everybody; even the gentleman who came on to carry off the table was rapturously applauded, being mistaken for the high-toned tenor, and he bowed his thanks ten or eleven times before the shoddy applause ceased. About the performance on the stage we can't say much; we don't know whether there was anything to remark.

was attired in anything but the Elizabethan costume, but this was a circumstance not at all unusual in opera circles. Consistency is unknown on the operatic stage. It is a little singular that with such a selection of popular operas at command, and such able and finished artists as Maretzek has to interpret them, he does not give the public what he knows will prove acceptable. Maretzek's "Donorah" would be an attractive card. But the opera *habitués* must have something new to talk about or they would never go near the place. Miss Flora Smythe wants to quote the new opera to show her talk in such matters, and Albert McJenness desires something new to hum to his fashionable friends, and comment on this and that aria and cavatina as something "demonstrably delicious, you know." In fact, the quiet and balcony at the Academy of Music, on opera nights, contain fewer lovers of music and a less appreciative crowd of operatic *habitués* than any city in the world can turn out, except, perhaps, London, the English metropolis being next in order. In Paris, Milan, and Havana, the people go to the opera for the sake of the music—here, they go to the Academy as they go to Grace Church, because "it's the thing to do, you know."

M. Verreke, the young gymnast, who has created a sensation in this city by his truly wonderful and exciting performances on the single and flying trapeze, is at present disengaged, and is desirous of engaging with first-class managers for his different performances. He is also in want of a good Agent. See his advertisement in another part of this paper. There was a revival of the Forrest divorce case in one of our Courts last week, Mrs. F., as usual, entering a claim for the alimony money, and a few eccentrics, which have accumulated. The Judge, we believe, granted all she demanded. We thought the case had gone through all the Courts some time since, but we must have been mistaken; where it will break out next, we cannot imagine. Only to think, the action was commenced in 1851, and the lawyers are still sticking at it.

The ghost is still doing good service on the east side of town, the two Bowery theatres giving it nightly as a standard dish. That it greatly helps to swell the receipts of both houses, admits of no question. One cause of the continued success of the ghost at the two Bowery theatres is the fact that the ghost effects are produced in most excellent style, and about every variety of shadow exhibited. The illusion is certainly a marked success on the east side.

The Florences open at the Winter Garden on the 21st of November with a new Irish drama.

The "Olympic Theatre"—late Laura Keane's—now under the control of Mrs. John Wood, was thrown open to the public, for the first time in its new form, on Thursday evening, October 8th, and it is scarcely necessary for us to say that the auditorium was crowded in every part, quite a large number of "anxious inquirers" being left out in the cold, through inability to stretch the dimensions of the house. We had omitted to purchase a secured seat in season, so that the ticket we did purchase on entering, only gave us a standee in a remote part of the theatre, and consequently many things in front and on the stage escaped our notice. The establishment has undergone a complete renovation, and the *habitués* of "Laura Keane's" will scarcely recognize it in its improved condition. The ceiling and walls have been painted anew, in blue, while the front of the boxes is resplendent in blue and gold; the private boxes look extremely rich in their drapery of azure damask, and the seats in the parquet and dress circle, covered with the same material, also look well. The railing which hems in the orchestra seats, and forms the dividing line between the inhabitants of the parquet and their more flush neighbors in front, has been brought several paces to the rear, thus enlarging the area for the orchestra seats, which, numbering two hundred, are armed, rosewood chairs, so constructed as to afford a receptacle for gentlemen's hats. It would be a great blessing if the ladies could be induced to stow their hats away in the same place, for they are a regular nuisance as now built and worn. To add to the "refreshing" character of this portion of the pit, as the place used to be called, the floor is covered with Brussels carpeting; to occupy a rosewood arm chair, and rest your feet on Brussels, while looking at the show, costs you just one dollar in greenback money, or gold if you prefer to give it. To possess a "back seat," or lay off in the rear of the dollar chairs who are confined between the stage and the railing, subjects the *habitué* to a tax of fifty cents, federal currency, and he is not bothered with arm chairs or Brussels. The dress circle also has its dividing line, the front being called the balcony, with chairs at 75 cents each per piece; the occupants of the 75-centers are presumed to be a sort of shoddy aristocracy, who don't like to amalgamate with the 50-cent chairs, but whose currency-holders will not admit of their holding an entire rosewood orchestra chair, and standing on Brussels. The dressy people are to be kept in the dress circle, in close proximity to the shoddies in the balcony, but having no connection with them. The well-dressed folks are only charged 50 cents for a seat, in view, probably, of the high price of silks, clothes, and jewelry. For families, or those born of poor but honest parents, an amphitheatre has been provided, and those honest people occupy the most lofty position of the house, overlooking the rosewood people, the hat-wielders, and the whole lot to have taken place. Ten feet below the balcony, there have been built two rows of machine seats, for the use of the shoddy aristocracy.

week, where Daniel will take pleasure in having the felicity of showing you the lion in his den. By the way, a very crowd is to assemble on the stage every night this week; viz., the perfect cures, exempt Shakers, the whole of the family of Serenades, three pugilists, Madame Fabbaco, and Aunt Sally herself has promised to come up. There's going to be a jolly time with that crowd, you bet, for all hands are going to get tight on laughing gas.

At Niblo's Garden, Edwin Forrest, with Vestral on the off nights, continues to attract very large audiences with his performances of Shakespeare. On the 8th he appeared as "Macbeth," and, like everything else he has done, thus far, it was marked throughout with evidences of careful study, and much well bestowed thought and reflection. On this occasion Mr. John Numan, of the New Bowery Theatre, made his first appearance here as a regular member of the company. He appeared as Hamlet, and was well received. This week Mr. Forrest appears as Spartacus. Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoppel, whose engagement was to have commenced at this house on the 13th inst., has given up her time to Mr. Vestral, and that lady will continue to appear two nights each week for a little while longer, as Genoa, in which she has succeeded very well. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will be the next stars at this house.

At the New Bowery Theatre, Manager Lingard produces this evening the Irish drama of "Eva, or the Irish Princess," and the ghostly drama of "Rosenwald." Business continues to be very fair at this house, and at Hyer's benefit, on the 7th inst., hundreds were turned away.

At Barnum's Museum Mr. D. Morris, the native American German comedian, has been the attraction since our last. Mr. Morris appears in a Dutch farce every afternoon and evening, and he is said to be one of the best representatives of the "Teutons" ever seen in this country. He remains on the bills this week.

R. M. Hooley's Minstrels, at 585 Broadway, under the management of Geo. Christy, have been very successful since their initial performance, which took place on the 5th inst. This week a series of new burlesques will be introduced, including many novel features. In connection with the above, the usual darkies jubilee of song, dance, and eccentricity will be rattled off by the merry troupe.

The excellent and uniform houses that very talented band of performers known as Wood's Minstrels perform to each evening, are proof conclusive that they have won the good will and affections of the amusement going public. A few hours can be most delightfully spent at their hall. "The Ghost of Uncle Tom," with Frank Brower as the spectre, continues to afford a great deal of amusement for the auditors. Matinees continue to be given every Saturday, and always attract a large attendance of ladies and children.

The attendance at "44," during the past week, has been remarkably good. With the attraction offered by the manager, it could not be otherwise. This week, we are to have the drama of "The Haunted Cave; or, the Pirate's Doom," introducing all the illusions of ye Ghost. Tony Pastor, Charley White, Lew Simmons, James Wambold, and Paul Brilliant's ballet, continue to afford a fund of amusement for the frequenters of this popular establishment. The story of "The Secret Conclave; or, the Mystery House in the Five Points," which has been such a successful run through the columns of this paper and afforded so much pleasure to its many readers, has been dramatized and will shortly be produced at this establishment. If it meets with one half the success in its "stage" form that it did while it underwent publication, it will indeed be a success to Manager Butler.

Mr. Edwin Booth has appeared in several of his leading characters during the past week at the Winter Garden. His last to L. P. Barrett's Othello, was a very fine performance. Business has been very good at this house. This week is announced as Mr. Booth's last, during which he brings out the drama of "Ray Biss," with new scenery, &c. Mr. John S. Clarke will be the next star.

Mr. Lester Wallack's new drama of "Rosedale," works more smoothly now, and is over in decent time for parties to reach their homes before morning. "Rosedale" is announced to be continued for some time to come.

At Nixon's Allampra Circus, Madam Macarte, the English equestrienne, makes her debut in this city this evening, in the spectacle of "Turpin's Ride to York," in which Madam Macarte will appear as the celebrated highwayman on her horse Black Bess. Eaton Stone continues to be one of the great features of this concern.

At the New York Theatre, the Martinetti and Marzetti troupe of pantomimists bring out this week the fairy pantomime of the "Red Gnome." The ballet of "Rose de Mai" will also be brought out, introducing Madam Marzetti and Mons. Valade in the principal parts. These very clever artists, the Martinetti Brothers, also appear in a new act with the rings, and Marietta Zanfretta trips upon the *Corde Elasticque*, assisted by Mons. Paul Martinetti.

DRAMATIC.

In the city of Philadelphia, the election absorbs general attention, but notwithstanding this great "pull back," the different places of amusement continue to be well patronized. "Once upon a time," before consolidation took place, and when the city was divided into districts, each under the control of a board of directors, Philadelphia was, perhaps, the cleanest city in the world, the streets and pavements being alike kept in the most perfect order. The rule everywhere; there, the proprietors of the theatres proper in their efforts to maintain the cleanliness of Philadelphia for being the places the entire "city" was more like the city it is like Broadway.

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Grover's Theatre, Washington, opened for the season on Tuesday evening, 6th inst. Since it closed its last season, great and decided improvements have been made in the auditorium, which is now the same as Niblo's Garden. It consists of a parquet, orchestra, dress and family circles. The orchestra is seated with arm chairs, and accommodates 500 persons; the parquet seats 600 persons; the dress circle will hold 600; the family circle 500; and the colored gallery 200 people, making a total seating capacity about of 3000, including private boxes, extra camp stools, and chairs. "Othello" was the initial performance, with the Devenport-Wallack-Farren Combination. The stock company consists of the same ladies and gentlemen that were at the Old Washington Theatre with Mr. Grover the previous week, a complete list of which we gave at the time.

The Meekens still continues the great feature of the San Francisco world of amusement. For three weeks she has attracted to Maguire's Opera House a succession of the most squeezing audiences—during all of which time she appeared in "Mazepa" only. On the 10th of Sept. she appeared in "The French Spy," and the house was crowded. From all external evidences, it looks as if her engagement will prove one of the most prolonged and profitable ever performed in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Provost's second week of her engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, was quite an improvement on the first week. She is supported in many characters by Mr. Geo. Ryer, who is every where received as a sterling actor. Miss Provost next appears in Indianapolis.

The Indianapolis Theatre, under the stage management of W.H. Riley, is doing a very fair business. Last week the stars were Sallie St. Clair and Chas. M. Barba.

Lottie Thompson opened at Ben De Bar's St. Louis Theatre on the 5th, in "The Hunchback," to a crowded house.

An artist that is competent to produce the "ghost" can have a situation and an excellent salary by addressing Capt. Frank S. Taft, who advertises in this and succeeding issues.

The Taylor Troupe is playing a season at Marysville, Cal., with fair success. Some changes have been made in the company since it left San Francisco. Miss Annette Ince, the leading lady, becoming unwell, returned to that city, and her place has been supplied by Miss Fanny Morgan, lately of Maguire's Opera House. We notice that a young gentleman of that city (Mr. Bonheur) who has essayed the regular stage with this company, is succeeding beyond the expectation of his friends.

The Willamette Theatre, Portland, Oregon, is still open, under the management of G. B. Waldron. We notice on the bills, "Richard III" and the "Last Man"—Old Blake's favorite persecution.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is about starting out on a professional tour to Portland, Oregon, and Victoria, V. I. After performing several weeks up there, Mrs. Hayne will return to San Francisco, and then—"Ho for Australia!"

The recent great fire in Virginia City, N. T., did not even allow the poor Theatians to go unscathed. The *Enterprise* states that the actors and actresses connected with the theatre were burned out, as a general thing, but managed to save the greater portion of their baggage. Messrs. Thorne and Franks suffered slight losses of clothing, and Mrs. Forbes missed a large sum of money, which had not turned up at last accounts.

The funeral of Mr. John B. Adams, the actor, whose death we noticed in our last, took place on the afternoon of the 6th. The remains were taken to Mount Auburn, near Boston.

Miss Carrie Knight, a member of the dramatic profession, was married on the 7th inst. at Columbus, Ohio, to Lieut. Jas. C. Howard, of the 4th Ohio Regiment.

From Louisville, Ky., under date of the 3d a correspondent favors us with the following in regard to dramatic affairs there:—"The two theatres here are both fairly under way, and have no right to complain of want of public support. Fuller's Louisville opened with Mr. F. B. Conway, followed by Miss Charlotte Thompson. This lady gained not alone the hearty and well deserved applause of the public, but the kind regards and esteem of every member of the stock company; her amiable courtesy secured from all a pleased alacrity in complying with her wishes and careful attention to business. This is the more especially deserving of notice, as people of less ability—stars of the rush-light order—are too apt to treat ladies and gentlemen of the mere cattle or serfs, on whom they could vent their spleen and passion with impunity. Miss Thompson left, to the deep regret of every one. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway next jointly produced the standard. The city was covered with bills, announcing 'The Ghost in Macbeth.' The Ghost would not appear, the audience were disgusted, and very poor business was the consequence. Mr. Walter Gray, who has heretofore been known as the three-act Hamlet man, was called by Mr. Conway to help Mr. C. Such stupid puffery can only disgust the public, and will render Mr. Conway ridiculous. The company here is not strong. Mr. Thos. Connor is the best, and deservedly first favorite. Mr. Weaver next, and a young actor named Mackey, in eccentric old men, is excellent. The ladies are all good, Miss Rachel Nash and Mrs. Laws, the great and particular pets of their patrons. At Duffield & Flynn's they opened with Miss Marion Macarthy and Mr. Felix Vincent, and an excellent stock company. During the latter portion of the engagement of Miss M. and Mr. V., the business fell off considerably. Mr. Vincent indulges in ornamental language to the people on the stage when things do not go smoothly. Mrs. Walter commenced an engagement on Sept. 25th, with 'Macbeth,' and the house was packed. Mr. John Albaugh appeared as the Thane, and gained the highest encomiums alike from press and public. This young man is careful, studious, possesses great talent, and yet is modest, quiet, and unassuming. Mr. Golden is the heavy man, our friend, the 'Lohand' of the Canadian Press (Mr. Reynolds), does the juveniles and light comedy; the excitable and immaculate Mr. Wood Benson is low comedian; Mr. Geo. Ratcliffe, 2d low comedian; Ed. Gross, 1st working gentleman; Mr. Davis, Mr. Wm. Gross, Mr. Rucker, Mr. Mortimer, and others of lesser note, comprise the gentlemen's stock. Miss Ada Gray is leading lady; the lovely Miss Marietta, besides to Lohand; that popular favorite, Belle Golden, Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Hogan, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Lowry, Little Alice, and a lovely and accomplished *dansette*.

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AQUATICS.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA.

To have three fine days in succession—that of the Championship Race, Poughkeepsie Regatta, and Empire City Regatta—was something most extraordinary, particularly as we are now fast approaching winter, when Old Boreas takes unwarrantable liberties with the pleasures to be derived from aquatic sports. The morning of the 6th inst. was bright and clear, and dawned upon our glorious maritime mart like one of Sid. Dorian's luscious bivalves. It was "muchly bully," with the air just sharp enough to make country sausages go down without coaxing to those dogmatically inclined, the philanthropic admirers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the Brown family, for instance—also the Smiths. Many were the sports we met flocking in droves to participate in the Eighth Annual Regatta of the Empire City Club, set down to come off opposite Randall's Island, at 114th street and East River. The second and third Avenue horse cars were crowded "cran-jam," as the Bowery put boys, or our pet devil, Skeelsie, "in the forenoon up to the commencement of the sport. To make the day more attractive the Committee chartered the commodious barge "Cleveland" for dancing, of which invigorating exercise the ladies were not slow to avail themselves, and gaily tripped on the old oak planks to the tune of

"Let me kiss him for his mother,
He's a broth of a boy;
When this cruel war is over,
No Irish need apply."

as Tony Pastor places these songs in his bunching melody. From 9 o'clock in the morning till 2 in the afternoon there was no let up, except for refreshments and lager. The champion, Jimmy Hamill, had been advertised to "give in" the festivities, and the little waterman came up to his word like a man, to the great satisfaction of those who hadn't seen him at any of his great rowing matches. We went by rail in a city railroad car, meeting Jack Gately steering a select party to the desired haven, pleasantly located hard by the princely homesteads of Judge James Welsh and Stephen Roberts, President of the Club, and for many years aquatic champion of the United States and Canada.

Many of those present at the Poughkeepsie races were prominent lookers-on this, with others who couldn't get away to see the championship sculling match between Hamill and Ward. Con Fitzgerald and Sir John Lawrence, from Topsy Maguire's, came down "in costume" with fancy walking sticks, meeting with a reception although studiously avoiding conspicuous positions. Alec Mason, of the Hudson street "Adriatic," brother to the lamented Wally Mason, Tom McCoy, formerly of the White House, and about to start another hotel up-town; Barney Malone, the gentlemanly little proprietor of the "National," between 35th and 36th streets and Third Avenue, where most members of the E. C. R. C.; Robert Foster, of the Municipal Government; Rodman Dobbs, of Poughkeepsie, Hamill's friend and pitcher; Bill Stephens, also of Poughkeepsie, who will be recollected, raised thunder by coming in ahead of Hamill on the home stretch at the late race; Jim Giddings, from Brooklyn city, a thorough going sporting man in every capacity, were here, and some five thousand others besides. All the arrangements were most excellent, enough of the shield and locust fraternity being detailed to prevent any "melee" or "tumult," while the gentlemen of the committee were unceasing in their attention to all, without regard to broadcloth or diamonds. It isn't always one finds such civility from "committee men" and this was remarked by many besides ourselves. The members of the club wore a designating badge.

Soon after 2 P. M. the judges—consisting of Messrs. J. D. R. Putnam, Stephen Roberts, Matt Gooderson, Jacob M. Long, Robert Foster, Judge Welsh, J. B. Cotte, A. L. Sulard, J. W. Ritch, W. Miner, L. B. Wing, and S. Van Nostrand, together with members of the press, were rowed over to the starting yacht in the "Olive Branch." This yacht was under the supervision of Mr. James McKay, of "Bonnie Scotia," whose attentions to the members of the committee showed fourth estate in the way of refreshments, groceries, and such like, were both marked and gentlemanly. Full of keen-sighted wit, of retentive memory, and happy disposition, Bonnie Deems' highland flings at a certain representative man, or boy, were much enjoyed by the ship's crew of the miniature Great Eastern. Having partaken of some Westphalia sandwiches and zwiel lagger several times, a blast of Steve Roberts' bugle announced the signal for the boys to make ready and get into line.

There were to have been four races: 1st, 17 ft. boats, no outriggers allowed, two pair sculls, for champion flag and purse of \$30 as the first prize, and \$10 the second. 2d, six oared boats, for amateurs only, champion flag and silver pitcher as the first prize; 3d, four oared boats, no restrictions, champion flag and purse of \$80 first prize, and \$40 the second; 4th, champion sculls, no restrictions, champion flag and purse of \$10 first prize, and \$20 second. All boats were to start from the judges' boat, anchored off the foot of 114th street, Harlem river, and row down the river to a stake boat, anchored off the foot of 91st street, which boat they must turn from west to east, or from the New York shore to the Long Island shore, then up to the judges' boat, foot of 114th street, turning from west to east, or from the New York shore towards Randall's Island shore, then row down the river again, turning the same as before, then up again to the judges' boat—passing the judges' boat on either side to complete the race—making 5 miles, including three turns. The regatta to take place at low tide.

The first race had ten entries, the John Angus putting in for a chance after the regular programme had been made out. They were as follows:

Winship, No. 7; color, red; rowed by Geo. Soper and Daniel O'Brien.
Silas Wright, No. 4; color, red and blue; rowed by Charles Conklin and James Blauvelt.
Joe King, No. 1; color, white; rowed by James H. Biglin and Denny Leary.
Alfred, No. 8; color, blue; rowed by William Andrew Lasham.
Eloise, No. 6; color, red and white; rowed by Peter Riley.
Chris. J. Thoms, Jr., No. 3; color, red and white; rowed by John Biglin.
Auntie, No. 2; color, white.
Markness.
Democrat and

The four oared boat race didn't come off, owing to only one of those entered coming to the scratch. This is the order in which they were set down on the bills:

Geo. J. Brown, No. 1; color, white; rowed by James H. Biglin, Denny Leary, Bernard Biglin, Unknown.
Charles A. Peverelly, No. 2; color, pink and white; rowed by John J. Eckerson, Wm. Burns, John A. Biglin, Unknown.
Considerable discussion resulted between Jim Biglin and the judges because they didn't see fit to let the six-oared boat, Stranger, compete with four oars in the absence of the Chas. A. Peverelly, but the judges were perfectly right in the refusal. It was pretty rough for Denny Leary and Jimmy Biglin, as they had already been ruled out in one race after beating all competitors, and if they talked back and demanded their rights, as members of the club, it was quite natural that they should do so. Denny, it's true, hadn't much to say, but what he did say was sharp and to the point, like Josh Ward's speech after he beat Hamill a few months ago. The upshot resulted in no race, grievously disappointing those who had risked their pile on one or the other.

In the final or single scull race, the spectators were again doomed to disappointment, owing to Gil. Ward's absence, and Bill Stephens not entering for it. Here's the order of racing:—John Decker, No. 2; color, red; rowed by Denny Leary.
Bee, No. 3; color, white; rowed by John McGrady.
Elly Biglin, No. 1; color, white and red; rowed by John A. Biglin.

Willard D. Ward, blue and white; rowed by Gilbert Ward, Newburgh.
Rootless, white and black: Wm. Stephens, Poughkeepsie.

It was nearly five o'clock before the three boats, John Decker, Bee, and Elly Biglin, got the order to start, and then Denny Leary unfortunately broke his stretcher and had to put in shore to get it fixed, leaving the contest between John Biglin and John McGrady, the former winning easily. Game to the last, notwithstanding he had twice before been dished out of competition, Denny Leary pulled over the course some minutes afterwards and received hearty cheers for his grit.

SUMMARY.
1. Elly Biglin, 2½ miles, 19:54 2. Bee, 2½ miles, 20:35

3. 5 miles, 40:41 4. 5 miles, 41:05
This put an end to the day's sport and the eighth annual regatta of the Empire City Club. Immediately after the race the judges and reporters adjourned to the house of Judge Welsh to decide on the disputed double sculling match. After partaking of the Judge's and Stephen Roberts' generous hospitality and a little discussion, it was decided that the Joe King be ruled out and the Eloise was entitled to the first prize. Toasts were then the order of the night, the President of the Club, Stephen Roberts, making an excellent speech, reviewing boat racing in the United States from its infancy up to the present time. He passed a high compliment on Jimmy Hamill, and offered to back him with his purse to row against any man in the world. Chambers not excepted, but preferred. At the same time he put in a good word for Josh Ward and spoke in very strong and decided language against those papers who had accused Josh of selling the race. Hamill was called upon for a speech, when the little fellow significantly replied, "Gentlemen, I make my mark on the water," followed by laughter and applause. Others were toasted and spoke pieces with one who wasn't toasted, a "gentleman of the press," getting up and requesting the committee to give him the correct time and particulars of the race. How are you, ham sandwiches and lager? At 8 P. M. we reached the city, just in time to announce the result of the various races of which we have given a full report with all the particulars.

Below we give the official awards, as rendered by the judges, a plan, we think, that commends itself for adoption to all parties or clubs who at any time have the control of regattas:—

HARLEM, October 6, 1863.
To the officers and members of the Empire City Regatta Club:—

First, That the boat called the "Joe King" be ruled out of the race, in consequence of not appearing in line at the time of starting the other boats.

Second, That the boat "Eloise" be entitled to the first prize offered for the two pairs of sculls race.

Third, That the boat "Democrat" be entitled to the second prize offered in the said two pairs of sculls race.

Fourth, That the boat "Winship" be entitled to the third prize in the same race.

Fifth, That the boat called the "Stranger" be entitled to the first prize offered for the six oared race.

Sixth, That the boat "Tucker" be entitled to the second prize in the six oared race.

Seventh, That in consequence of only one regularly entered boat showing for the third, or four oared race, the said race be declared off, and no prizes awarded.

Eighth, That the boat "Elly Biglin" be entitled to the first prize in the fourth, or single scull race.

Ninth, That the boat "Bell" be entitled to the second prize in said single scull race.

Tenth, That the boat "John Decker" be entitled to the third prize in the same last mentioned race.

Respectfully submitted,
J. D. R. PUTNAM,
Chairman of the Board

THE GAME OF

TO GO

J. W. G., Fort AU
ined; but if
No. 399
th

GAME No. 401.

Contested some little time back between our contributors P. Richardson and E. W. Bryant.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Attack,	Defence,	Attack,	Defence,
Richardson.	Bryant.	Richardson.	Bryant.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	18. K Kt to his 5 Q to K 2	
2. P-Q 4	K P x P	19. K Kt-K 6	K R-B 4
3. K-B 4	P-Q B 4	20. Q-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 3
4. K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	21. Q R-K sq	Q Kt-Q 2
5. Castles	K-B K 2	22. Q R-K 3	Q Kt-B 3
6. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 3	23. Q Kt x Kt +	Q x Q Kt
7. B P x P	P-Q K 4	24. K-K 3	Q R-K 2
8. K-B Q 5	Q R-his 2	25. K-his R sq	P-K R 4
9. P-K 5	Q-B K 3	26. Q-K 4	R-K B 2
10. K-B x B	B P x B	27. P-K Kt 4	R P x P
11. B-K B 4	P-Q B 5	28. Q x Kt 2d P	P-K 5
12. K P x P	B x Q 2d P	29. R-K B 6	R-K Kt 2
13. Q-B K 5	K Kt-B 3	30. K Kt x R	K x K Kt
14. Q-B x Kt	Q x Q B	31. Q-K R 3	Q-K 4
15. P-Q 5	P-K 4	32. R-K Kt sq	R-K Kt 4
16. Q Kt-B 3	Castles	33. R-R 7 +	K-his B 3
17. Q Kt-K 4	Q-home.	34. Q R x R, and	

the Defence resigns.

OPENING OF THE CHESS SEASON.—The Paulsen Chess Club, 189 Bowery, is the first organization to move in re-opening for the season of 1863-4. A Tournament is about to be organized, of which we shall give a fuller account in a week or two. On Wed. eve., 14th inst., E. Borch is to play eight or ten games at once, "blindfold," at the rooms of the club, on which occasion all chess players in the vicinity are invited to attend.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. MENNER, Esq., Wellsville, N. Y.—A thousand thanks. You will perceive that the "event" was "declared" before your notice reached us. Those games which you mentioned in "days lang syne," we have room for; shall we have 'em?

M. A. F., Pemberton Square, Boston.—You can do better. Try once more, and let there be fewer pieces if possible.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 141st POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 23 to 24	7 to 11	5. 7 to 10	16 to 23
2. 24 19	4 8	6. 30 25	29 22
3. 6 2	8 12	7. 14 9, and wins.	
4. 2 7	11 16		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 25—Vol. XI.

BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

White.	Black.
1. 21 to 17	14 to 21
2. 31 26, and wins.	

GAME No. 26—Vol. XI.

An Original Game by Mr. R. Martin.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 15	22 to 18	14. 10 to 19	22 to 18
2. 15 22	25 18	15. 17 22	26 17
3. 8 11	29 25	16. 19 26	30 23
4. 4 8	24 20	17. 16 19	23 16
5. 10 15	25 22	18. 12 19	17 14
6. 12 16	21 17	19. 6 10	14 9
7. 8 12	17 13	20. 19 23	27 24
8. 7 10	27 24	21. 10 15	18 14
9. 9 14	18 9	22. 23 27	31 26
10. 5 14	32 27	23. 27 32	26 23
11. 2 7	24 19	24. 15 18	23 19
12. 15 24	28 19	25. 32 28	
13. 14 17	19 15		and wins.

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
15. 9 13	26 22
16. 5 9	

POSITION No. 26—Vol. XI. THE 143d POSITION

BY O. W. R. OF STURGES.

BLACK.	BLACK.

J. D. R. PUTNAM,
Chairman of the Board

MY MARYLAND.

NEW VERSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. C.

ONE April day in sixty-one,
In Maryland, in Maryland,
Through Baltimore marched patriot men,
In Maryland, in Maryland.
But traitor hands did treacherous deeds,
And orphan's wall, and widow's weeds,
That day did cause in many a home
In Maryland, in Maryland.

Carolina's soil first grew the seed,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland,
That through the South spread like a weed,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland,
Laid low sweet Peace, and in her stead
Raised civil War's most hideous head,
And numbered thousands with the dead—
Oh Maryland, my Maryland.

The Stars and Stripes, on Sumter's wall,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland,
By traitor hands were made to fall;
Oh Maryland, my Maryland.
One cry since then has issued forth
From every patriotic mouth—
Put down the traitors, South and North,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland.

In sixty-two a tyrant foe
In Maryland, my Maryland,
On spoils intent, spread grief and woe
Through Maryland, my Maryland.
But "Little Mac," with soldiers brave,
Who did not fear an honored grave,
Made traitors quail and rebels rave,
In Maryland, my Maryland.

Again in sixty-three they came
To Maryland, my Maryland,
But one that was unknown to fame
In Maryland, my Maryland,
With gallant band drove back the foe,
And made the traitors feel the blow
That laid them by the thousands low,
Near Maryland, my Maryland.

And now, on South Carolina's shore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland,
Our men, led on by brave Gilmore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland,
In freedom's cause, with fire and sword,
Are driving back the treacherous horde
Who lowered the flag so much adored,
In Maryland, my Maryland.

Oh may our glorious flag e'er wave
In Maryland, my Maryland;
O'er land of free and home of brave,
In Maryland, my Maryland;
And once again may sweet Peace reign,
And spread her blessings o'er the main;
From slavery free may peace find thee,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

TERRIFIC FIGHT

BETWEEN

HARRY ALLEN AND JEM COYNE.

After repeated attempts, these men got to business on Tuesday, Sept. 22d. It will be remembered that they met on Tuesday, August 4th, at Kingswood Common, the scene of Peter Millard and Nobby Hall's brilliant encounter of October last, but a squabble ensuing about a referee, they returned home without fulfilling their mission. Several meetings were held, but nothing satisfactory was arrived at until three weeks since, when fresh articles were drawn up, on the basis of the original ones, the conditions being that the men should fight for the money down, on the old terms, on Tuesday, September 22d, and weigh the day before fighting, Coyne to have the choice of place.

only, and was cautioned by the referee. Allen's right eye was all but closed; the left in a similar plight. Coyne's face was much flushed, his left eye bleeding incessantly. A rally to the ropes, when Coyne got down.

32 and 33. Pummeling a ray on pretty even terms, Coyne seeking protection by going to earth.

34. Allen fought down at the middle stake; Coyne strong.

35 to 37. Give-and-take business; Coyne down.

38. Closed at once, when Coyne threw his man a "buster," falling on him; rare shaker.

39 to 42. Coyne acted on his backer's instructions to "go in" and fight his man, and for a time certainly Allen was in a critical position; both down at the finish.

43 to 56 and last. Allen, from the wonderful exertions of his seconds, aided by his own indomitable pluck, recovered his strength rapidly, again forcing the fighting, using both fists with great effect, and, from his better generalship, out-fought his man, whose turn it now was to drop off, until, at the close of the fifty-sixth round, his seconds, seeing his case hopeless, despite his strenuous exertions to save his backer's money, threw up the sponge for him, and Allen was declared the winner, after coping one hour and three minutes. Coyne shed bitter tears of mortification at his defeat. Allen's right eye was completely closed, his left nearly so, besides which he had numerous bruises about his face, rendering his figure-head anything but handsome. Coyne's left eye was fearfully cut and gashed, and his temple swollen, but he did not appear so much punished, altogether, as his adversary. Having given the round in detail, remarks are almost unnecessary, still it is only due to the men to say that they are thoroughly game, Allen completely throwing back the aspersions of "white feather." Of Coyne we can speak in the highest terms, and must admit that his performance as a novice was a most creditable one, and we opine that, in good hands, he must be held in great esteem. His backer (Travers) named Rossington, close on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. The referee stated that a train started for that village in about an hour. In this, however, he was mistaken, and those inclined to see it out took tickets for Buxton, at which place the ring was pitched for the sixth time within two minutes' walk of the station, and the fight again commenced. The fighting was of the most telling description, hits and counter hits following each other in such rapid succession, that each round was a facsimile of the preceding one. In the tenth round, the hitting was very severe; it lasted ten minutes, all fighting. M'Grall, in this round, increased a slight lead so unmistakable, that the right might be said to be really over. Carney's face presented most pitiable appearances, both eyes being nearly closed, with a severe cut over the left eye, in addition to which he was much punished about the body. Tom's "physog," although not at all prepossessing—as he had two black eyes (both quite good), with a rather large lump raised on his right cheekbone—showed the principal part of his punishment. The following round brought Ned again briskly to the call of time, although the effects of the last round were plainly perceptible. His good humored mug lost the smile it had previously presented, but he fought manfully, and at times got on Tom's throat and body with good effect, scoring to take advantage of chances to get down, or attempt the least violation of the rules. The game fellow was allowed to continue the fight until the twentieth round in the second ring, in which, as in all the previous rounds, he was completely out-fought and fearfully punished, being finally felled with a right-hand on the jaw. The sponge was then thrown up in token of Carney's defeat. The fight having occupied, in all, 56 minutes in the second ring. This was one of the best fights ever seen in the city, and was taken place for months, and M'Grall has proved himself a good two-handed fighter, a heavy puncher, and possessed of great coolness. This victory has made him many friends. Carney fought with most scrupulous fairness, but met his superior in size and ability, and with youth on his side (being just twenty-one), he will certainly see a better day.

DECISIVE MILL

BETWEEN

TOM KELLY AND BILL BROWN.

On Tuesday, Sept. 23d, a couple of provincials of the names of Thomas Kelly, of Bradford, and William Brown, of Salford, met in the London district to decide their claim to £200, at catch weight. The match was made in May last, and articles drawn up to fight on July 21st, in the Northern district; but on that day a long wrangle ensued respecting the choice of a referee, several persons having been picked and objected to on both sides, and they finally went home without holding up a hand. A wordy war ensued, and it was not until it was left to the stakeholder that the affair was settled, for that official ordered them to fight in the London district on September 21st (afterwards altered to the 23d), and hence the battle detailed below.

But little or no interest was taken in the match, beyond the fact of its being for £100 a side, and the men big "uns; nevertheless, a few pounds were betted at even odds, Mace being one of the few who backed Kelly. At length, the "tip" was given that a note had been received from the stakeholder, that the place of meeting would be London Bridge Station, at six o'clock sharp, and that those who were later would not be in time. The truce being done, a snip spot having been reached, the ring was pitched at half-past nine, and all preliminaries being arranged, the men shook hands at twelve minutes to ten for the fight.

Round 1. After they had taken each other by the fist and retired into position, it was evident, from the appearance of the men, that they were very evenly matched in length of arm, weight, and height, and it was but natural to calculate upon a rattling fight. Kelly was decidedly in the best condition, and as he is much fairer than Brown, he appeared firmer in his muscles. He is a well-developed, compact fellow, stands with his left arm well advanced, and works it with a good and free action. The right is well across the body, but appears to be held somewhat stiff, although in close quarters it was landed with great rapidity and neatness. Brown, who is equally muscular, was more fleshy, and did not appear to be quite so hard in the fibre of the tendons, &c. He stood well upright, with the left rather high, the right moderately low, and with his legs rather wide, which gives him an appearance of clumsiness in action. It was at once apparent that fighting and not sparring was their object in entering the ring. Kelly looked very fierce and eager, while Brown, although showing equal eagerness, appeared anxious. Only one feint was made on each side before they countered with the left, each reaching the nose, and following that up by going to work with left and right exchanges, ensued as they fought all over the ring. Kelly delivered a rare stealer on Brown's nose, drawing blood profusely, while the latter got well home on the point of the nose with the left. They renewed the fighting, and Kelly, getting well inside, fought Brown across the ring to the ropes, where he slipped down. First blood claimed and allowed for Kelly. Time, 10 min.

2. When time was called, notwithstanding the industry of Brown's seconds, he was bleeding from the nose, and had a blue mark under his left eye. Kelly was flushed on the nose and body. Kelly stood for no sparring, but went to work and got home on Brown's nose with the left, and the right on the jaw, receiving a little on the left on the right cheek, which inflicted a slight graze. Kelly maintained his rush, and fought Brown back into his corner, where he stumbled over a stool, and Kelly at the same time having "loosed" a swinger from the left, it missed, and Tom, overbalanced, fell on his hands and knees.

3. Brown when he came up was bleeding freely from the nose and mouth, his left eye being swollen and discolored. Kelly was no worse than in the previous round, being only marked a trifle on the chest, and the point of his nose a little red. A couple of feints and breaks-away on each side brought them together, and they delivered simultaneously at the head with the left; Kelly's on the nose staggered Brown, whose return was only trifling in comparison, and did not affect Kelly, as he went to work with both hands, and fought Brown down at the ropes. Time, 14 min.

4. Both were blowing somewhat freely when time was called, and did not leave their corners with such readiness as heretofore. Brown was apparently bothered, and sparred short while Kelly was as gay as a lark. He crept close to his man, and at once delivered one for nothing with the left on the mouth, when he broke ground and smacked him on the forehead; some heavy exchanges on the body and head, until Kelly, as before, got well within reach, when he dashed his left on the left cheek, and sent such a terrific cross-counter on the top of the jaw that Brown was knocked down sideways, going to grass like a lump of lead. (First knock-down for Kelly.) It was shouted from Kelly's corner that it was all over, as Kelly was bleeding from the nose, and it was evident, if he was not out of time, that some material damage had been done. The seconds of Kelly looked sharp after the time, but when the time was called for,

5. Brown was lifted from his second's knee, not only groggy, but having a lump like an egg on the jaw, and bleeding from the nose and mouth. Kelly, as before, faced him, dashed in with both hands, and again knocked him down. Time, 7 min.

6. Brown, who was staggering, was sent up wonderfully clean, but it was evident he had no chance, for Kelly at once went up to him, and planted on him with both hands, the right making a small cut under the left eye. Brown put a little on Kelly's cheek, for which Kelly dashed out on his left, and getting well home on the left cheekbone, poor Brown was again felled in such a manner that his head rebounded from the turf.

7. And last. When time was called, Kelly left his corner instantaneously, and waited until Brown could leave his at length he did, presenting a pitiable object. He was helpless; Kelly walked up to him and felled him with a left-hand on the cheek. It was evident that all was over, and when time was called for the next round "the Cyclops of the East" threw up the sponge, and Kelly was hailed the winner after fighting eight minutes only. Kelly gained all three events, viz.: first blood, first knock-down, and the battle. Brown, with great resolution, wanted to renew the fight, and was with difficulty held back by his seconds.

REMARKS.

The sudden and unexpected issue of this short fight took the backers of Brown by surprise, in consequence of his want of precision and evident lack of power; but he was hit very hard in the first round on the nose and cheekbone, which no doubt confused him, and rendered him wild and uncertain, while the knock-down blow in the fourth round was sufficient to "settle" any one. Added to this, was the severe concussion of the head in the fifth round, and at the conclusion of the seventh, his seconds did perfectly right in giving in for him, under the circumstances. Before he could be dressed he was seized with an hysterical attack, but soon recovered, and beyond the punishment received, he was none the worse. The winner has no doubt the makings of a good man in him, but he wants the finishing touches acquired by practice with experienced teachers.

SLASHING FIGHT

BETWEEN

TOM M'GRALL AND NED CARNEY.

The fight for £30, between these lads of the "Emerald Isle," was fixed to take place on Wednesday, Sept. 23d, half way between Sheffield and York, and in consequence of the usual negligence in drawing the articles and not stating definitely the time of meeting, the match very nearly resulted in a forfeit. It appears that the friends of each man agreed to meet at separate stations a mile apart, on the Great Northern line. After waiting some time for Carney, whose friends had mistaken the route, the ring was pitched, and M'Grall had claimed the money, when Carney and his friends arrived. M'Grall instantly declined to claim forfeit, which, according to the statement of Mickey Bent and the "bold Bendigo," who heard the agreement as to the place of meeting, he was clearly entitled to. By this time, Inspector Astwood and two "locals" drove up, the inspector good-humoredly informing the men and their friends that he had instructions to prevent the fight taking place in the West Riding of Yorkshire. At least two hours were wasted before a fresh spot could be decided on, but at length all returned to Asken-lever race, throwing the police (then ten in number) completely off their guard. At four o'clock, the same place was revisited, and the ring was pitched in a beautiful meadow, but another inspector, who happened to be driving in the locality, and entirely ignorant of the intended mill, stepped inside the ring, and gave orders that there must be no fight, at the same time sending a messenger for assistance. A favorable opportunity now presented itself to move on quickly, leaving the "old swell" waiting for

his blue friends. About a mile was traveled, at a good pace, and the ring was again pitched. The lads entered the arena promptly at five o'clock. M'Grall, who weighed over 11st, stands 5ft 9in, and is twenty-eight years of age, and looked wonderfully well, considering the flesh he had to remove, and, like Carney, was very confident. Ned is seven years younger than M'Grall, about the same height, quite seven pounds lighter, and, like his opponent, was comparatively new to the ring. Their style differed materially, Tom standing quite erect, with his legs close together, moving the left arm backward and forward, slowly but artistically, with the right well across the body, giving evidence of great sparring practice. Carney, although the same height as Tom, stooped a little, and did not look so well, being too fleshy. He held his hands well up, moving with more quickness than his opponent, and appeared anxious to commence proceedings. This he speedily did by a feint with the left, but Tom was away. The latter then got his left on Ned's left cheek, who returned slightly on the forehead. They then got together in Carney's corner, Tom making his right on the body with great severity. Ned at the same time administering on Tom's left eyebrow, when both were down from the effects of their own blows. The police, as strong as ever, then appeared, and the fight, which gave promise of a first class affair was again abruptly put an end to. A meeting was then held, and a place named by the referee, the men to be in the ring the following morning at seven, the man failing, to lose the money. This there was no fear of, both lads being exceedingly anxious, especially after the one round fought, to have the affair settled honorably, each fancying he had a little the best of it. All now went in search of accommodations for the night. On Thursday morning, long before the appointed time, the ring was again pitched, and the men both in, when half a dozen locals once more came on the scene, to the great annoyance of all present. It was now quite clear Yorkshire must be departed from, and the referee (Teddy Travers) named Rossington, close on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. The referee stated that a train started for that village in about an hour. In this, however, he was mistaken, and those inclined to see it out took tickets for Buxton, at which place the ring was pitched for the sixth time within two minutes' walk of the station, and the fight again commenced. The fighting was of the most telling description, hits and counter hits following each other in such rapid succession, that each round was a facsimile of the preceding one. In the tenth round, the hitting was very severe; it lasted ten minutes, all fighting. M'Grall, in this round, increased a slight lead so unmistakable, that the right might be said to be really over. Carney's face presented most pitiable appearances, both eyes being nearly closed, with a severe cut over the left eye, in addition to which he was much punished about the body. Tom's "physog," although not at all prepossessing—as he had two black eyes (both quite good), with a rather large lump raised on his right cheekbone—showed the principal part of his punishment. The following round brought Ned again briskly to the call of time, although the effects of the last round were plainly perceptible. His good humored mug lost the smile it had previously presented, but he fought manfully, and at times got on Tom's throat and body with good effect, scoring to take advantage of chances to get down, or attempt the least violation of the rules. The game fellow was allowed to continue the fight until the twentieth round in the second ring, in which, as in all the previous rounds, he was completely out-fought and fearfully punished, being finally felled with a right-hand on the jaw. The sponge was then thrown up in token of Carney's defeat. The fight having occupied, in all, 56 minutes in the second ring. This was one of the best fights ever seen in the city, and was taken place for months, and M'Grall has proved himself a good two-handed fighter, a heavy puncher, and possessed of great coolness. This victory has made him many friends. Carney fought with most scrupulous fairness, but met his superior in size and ability, and with youth on his side (being just twenty-one), he will certainly see a better day.

THE GREAT BATTLE

BETWEEN

TOM KING AND J. C. HEENAN, FOR £2,000.

Jenny Welsh's, the Griffin, Church street, Borough, was the scene of the utmost excitement on Thursday, September 24th, in consequence of the fifteenth deposit for the levitation match between Jack Heenan and Tom King, for £1,000 a side, having to be paid at the little drum. There were, as usual, the old familiar faces of those professionals who could attend while, at the same time, several from the West, who arrived with Heenan, were almost strangers to similar scenes, and who only show up on extraordinary occasions like the present. Owen Swift, shortly before ten o'clock, deposited £50 for Heenan, W. Richardson doing the amiable for "the Sailor Boy." The money was handed to the referee, and the stakeholder, in a neat speech, informed the company of the progress of the match, &c., and concluded by proposing the health of Heenan, which was drunk with due honor. An additional and great feature adds to the vast excitement already existing respecting the match, in consequence of a large bet having been made at Tattersall's, on Monday, September 21st, as to the issue of the battle, viz.: £600 to £400 on Heenan. Mr. W. Ashworth laid the odds, which were accepted by Mr. F. Hogg, on behalf of the backers of Tom King, and £20 a side was put down the same evening, at Owen Swift's, to bind the wager. Heenan's colors will shortly be issued. The handkerchief will be a blue and white stripe with a red border—the Beaufort colors. It is the intention of the friends of Heenan to give him a monetary benefit before he goes into the ring, training at Newmarket. The next deposit of £50 a side, will have to be staked on Thursday, Oct. 8th, at Harry Orm's, Jane Shore, Southditch.

JEM MACE AND BILL RYALL.—Another deposit, of £10 a side was staked on September 25th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TODDY RAY, the famous pedestrian, recently undertook the task of running 20 miles in two hours. The betting was 2 and 3 to 1 on time; which was justified by Todd's being compelled to give in exhausted, at 18 miles, 250 yards in the 33rd min.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—Lieut. Thomas, 32d Reg't., at Fulwood, Garrison, on the 11th ult., did 60 miles of walking, with beta of £200 in 18 hours, against the odds, in the park of Preston to Lancaster, under the following remarkable circumstances.—He commenced his task at a quarter past three o'clock on Friday morning. He was fully accoutred in the full marching condition of a private soldier, with rifle, knapsack, kit, bayonet, and twenty rounds of ammunition, the whole weighing about fifty-six pounds. He was accompanied by two referees, Captain Beale of the 10th Regiment, and Lieutenant Duncombe of the 1st, Lieutenant Garforth, of the 32d Infantry, being umpire. They were accommodated in a conveyance. The gallant pedestrian started off in hearty spirits, and arrived at Garstang, ten miles on his route, at six o'clock. Here he partook of a cup of tea, and then pushed on for Lancaster, making the good old town at thirty minutes past nine. He immediately turned his face again for Garstang, where he arrived precisely at half-past twelve. He again returned to Lancaster, arriving at six P. M. He recruited himself at the King's Arms there for fifteen minutes, and then commenced the concluding portion of his task—his return to Preston, where he arrived, or at least he arrived at the winning-post, at half-past two, at 10.50, having accomplished his extraordinary feat in twenty-five minutes less than the stipulated time, viz., in nineteen hours thirty-five minutes. Considering the weight Lieutenant Thomas had to carry the feat was most extraordinary. For the last few miles he exhibited manifest signs of exhaustion, but gamely kept on, and when he was well on his way, with fifty-five minutes to spare. When Mr. Thomas first took up the challenge bet of 3 to 1 against him were freely offered, but as the day approached confidence in his ability to perform the task became strengthened, and the betting became even. So confident was he of his own powers of endurance that on the evening before the match he backed himself at 5 to 1 to accomplish the feat.

SINGLE WICKET.—This variety of Cricket has received a great impetus of late; the great match at Croydon, has brought out another at the same place, viz.—the three Humphreys vs. the three Paynes, Sept. 17th, 18th, and 19th. At the close of last Friday's play, Sept. 18th, the Humphreys had scored 37 and 43; the Paynes, 22 and 24 (inn.) 5, with two wickets down.

OLD FORTUNE STILL FORMIDABLE.—It speaks volumes for Mr. Tom Brown's judgment in American races, that old Umpire, at an age when scarcely an English horse can be found upon the turf, is still mentioned by the distinguished turf writer "Anqure" as one of the most formidable four for first-class events as the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

CHAMPION WRESTLING.—On the 19th ult., W. Schors and J. Meadowcroft met at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, to wrestle best 2 out of 3 for the great champion belt, Lancashire fashion. Betting at first even, then 2 to 1 on Meadowcroft. The first bout lasted 43 min., won by Meadowcroft. Schors then received £1, assigned, depositing £5 for another match in six weeks. The best and £25 a side.

QUOTAS.—The distinguished quail player, W. McGregor, has taken a bet of £50 to £30 that he accomplishes the feat of 60 rings in 45 minutes, distance 18 yards, stiff sticking clay ends, quots not to exceed 8 1/2 inches in diameter. The match was to have come off at Mr. Robson's grounds, 137 High street, Poplar, London, on the 5th inst. It will stand as a great achievement in the record of this game, if Mr. McGregor succeeds in his undertaking.

LONG EARS.—On the 21st ult., at Chatham, a fancy rabbit show came off, at which Mr. T. Agers's sooty fawn buck, 6 mos. 1 day old, weighing 5 lb. 5 oz., took the 1st prize for ears with a pair 5 inches broad and 2 1/4 inches in length.

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CHAMPIONSHIP.—Chambers, the vaunting and much-vaunted Ex-Champion of the Thames, Tyne, etc., is assailed on all hands with offers of chances to retrieve some of his lost laurels, or he will be actively put in the background. The latter course is the one taken by a man, Cooper, who puts in a broadside of challenges of the following calibre.—One mile, and stake £200 to his £100; or two miles, staking £300 to his £200; or from bridge to bridge, for £200 a side. Two to one against the redoubtable Chambers, even though at single mile, which was never his forte, must bring the very smart of humilation! Cooper's intentions are made perfectly plain, by "sneaking up the soap."

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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JOHN HUESTON, A. B.

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Of the ruddiest roses; wine,
And let us forget the dull hours
In the generous fruit of the vine;
Twirl enliven and strengthen the moments
That drearily drag on the way;
Give joy and lessen the torments,
That sadden and darken each day.

This earth-life is checkered and spotted
With ill, full enough, to be sure,
Without sighing, and fretting, and doubting,
To make ill, oh! only the more;
Then fill now, an o'erflowing bumper;
Fill high, with the pure, rosy wine,
We'll quaff off the fruit of the vintage
In health to the green blooming vine.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September, 1863.

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